

# The TATLER

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London  
Aug. 10, 1932



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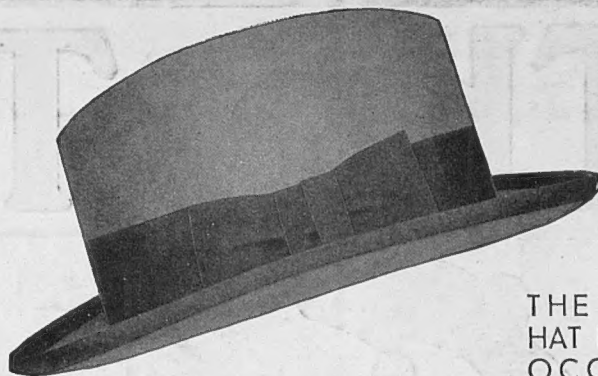
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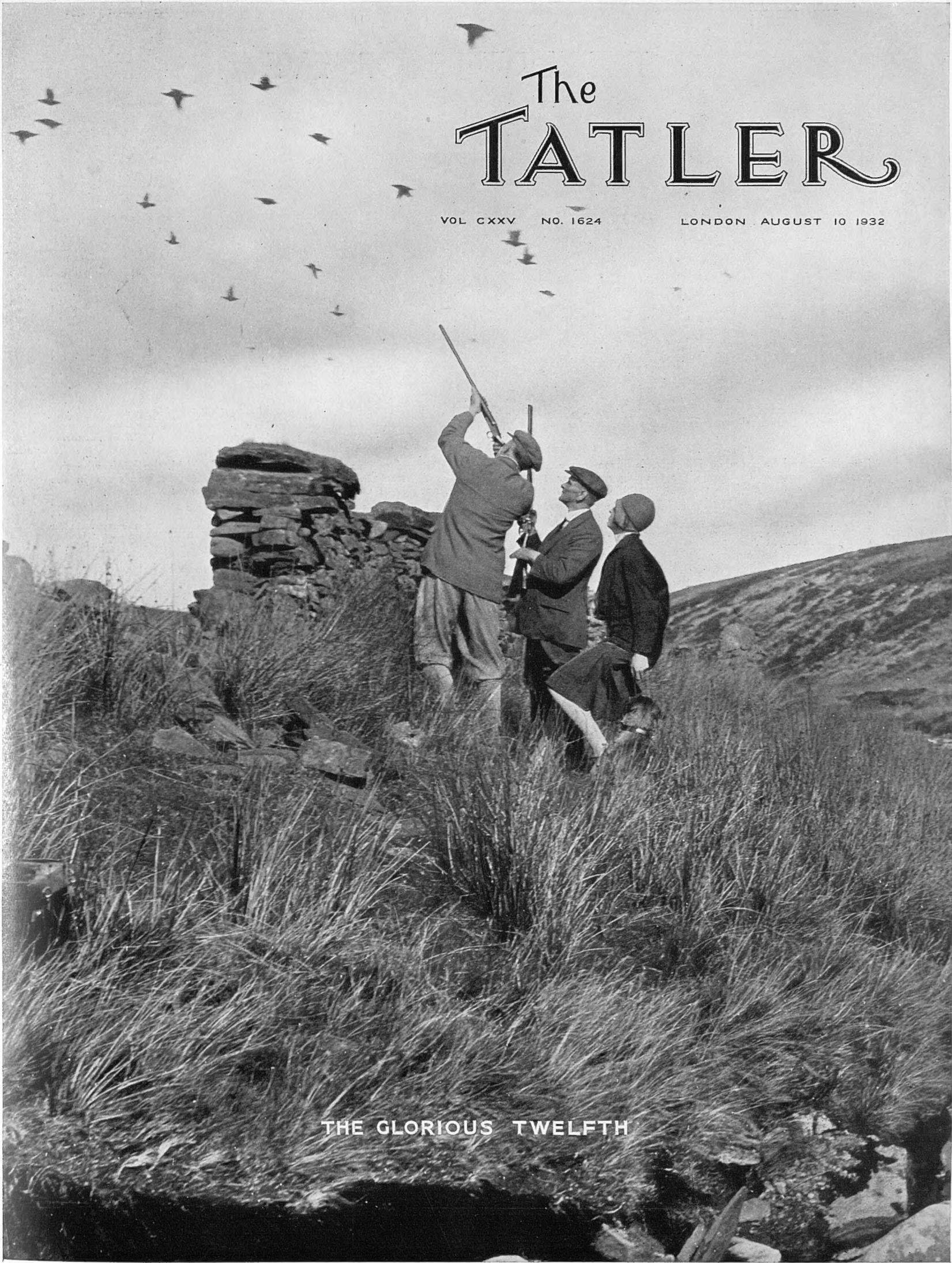
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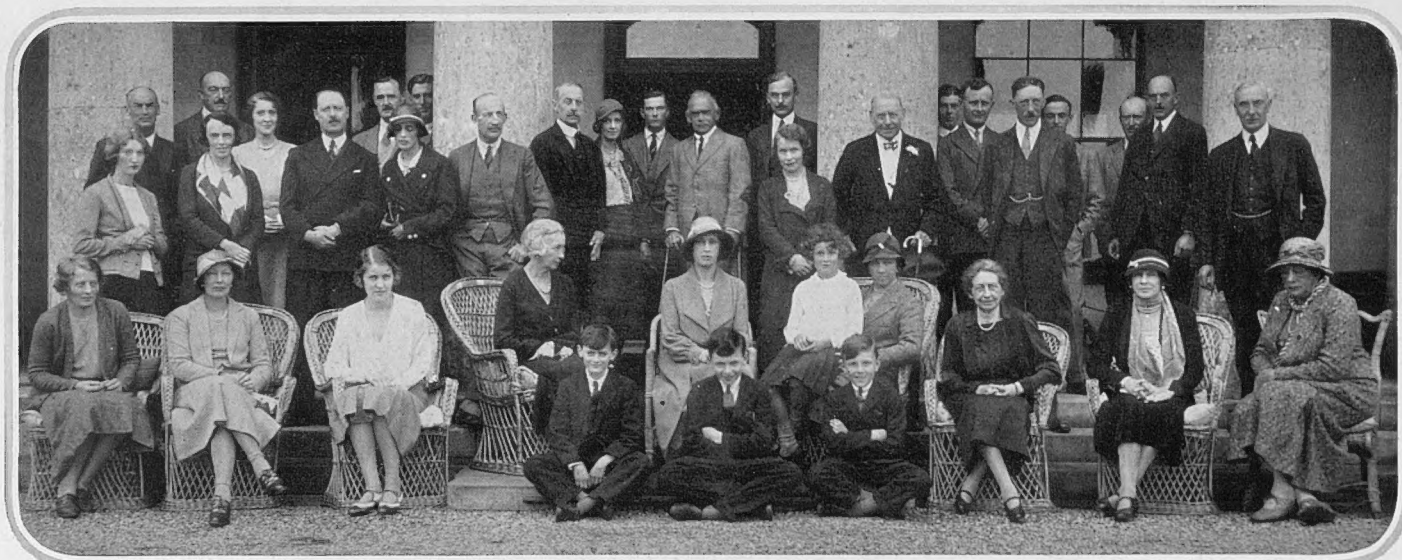
LONDON AUGUST 10 1932

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH

POSTAGE: Inland, 1½d; Canada and  
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## THE LETTERS OF EVE



THE GOODWOOD HOUSE PARTY

Russell, Chichester

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond's house party for the recent meeting did not, as it usually does, include H.M. the King, who this year went straight to Cowes for the big events in the yacht-racing world, but the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood were in the house-party. The weather treated Goodwood most abominably, but people managed to enjoy themselves none the less.

The names in this group, left to right, are: The Hon. Cecilia Keppel, Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Sir Leonard Brassey, Lady Doris Vyner, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Earl Spencer, Colonel Evelyn Gibbs, Lady Amy Coats, General Howard Vyse, the Earl of Ellesmere; (next two are friends of Lord and Lady March, Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the Hon. Derek Keppel, Mr. George Gordon-Lennox, the Countess of March, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Hon. Walter Keppel, Mr. Clare Vyner, the Earl of Harewood, Lord March, Captain Coats, Colonel Edwin Brassey, Lord Hamilton of Dalziel; seated—Lady Helena Gibbs, Mrs. Howard Vyse, Countess Spencer, Lady Alwyne Compton-Vyner, H.R.H. the Princess Royal, Miss Elizabeth Vyner, the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, Lady Lonsdale, Lady Violet Brassey, Lady Hamilton of Dalziel, Masters Ivor, Ian, and Alistair Coats.

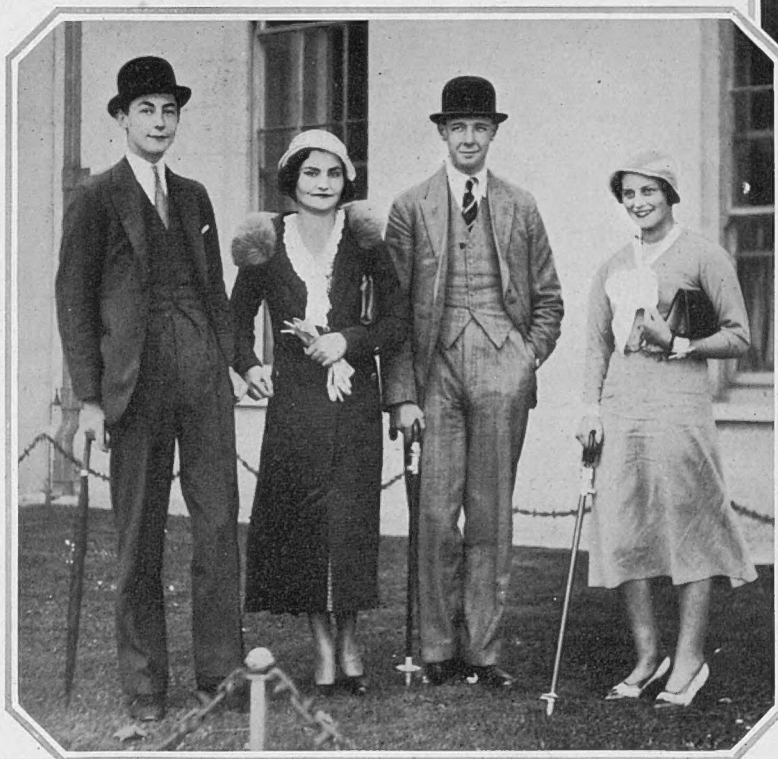
**M**Y DEAR,—Cowes had far better weather than it ever dreamed of hoping for last week. And conditions were ideal for early morning bathing, sailing, golf, and tea on the Castle lawn, which is more or less the daily routine down there. The King was delighted when his yacht, *Britannia*, won on the opening day against *Westward*, *Shamrock*, *Astra*, and *White Heather*. His Majesty and the Duke of Gloucester were on board during the race, and among the guests were Admiral Stanley Colville, the Marquise d'Hautpoul, Lord Mount Edgumbe, and Lady Mary Hope.

*Britannia* won very easily, but *Shamrock* had her revenge next day when she won the King's Cup. Their Majesties, with several members of their staff, paid a visit to Sir Wyndham and Lady Rosemary Portal on their lovely 700-ton yacht, *Star of India*, where the guests on board included Lord and Lady De La Warr and Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh. There were not many other big boats left at Cowes during the end of the week except the two American-owned ones: *Conqueror*, which belongs to Mr. Gordon Selfridge, and Mrs. McCann's *Chalena*.

\* \* \*

**T**here were signs of improving weather for the final polo match for the Cowdray Challenge Cup, which was won by the Lakers Lodge team on the Saturday after Goodwood. The ground by then was so soft that the unhappy ponies were labouring up and down, and gave a ploughed field aspect to the ground which the vast audience tried manfully to stamp down in between the chukkers. Among this vast stamping party were many dispirited Goodwood remnants with sad tales to tell of their losses.

I saw Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher who, I hear, backed Brown Jack more heavily than



AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW LAST WEEK

Poole, Dublin

Lord Gillford, who is Lord Clanwilliam's son and heir; Lady Elizabeth Meade, Lord and Lady Clanwilliam's younger daughter; Mr. Livingstone-Learmonth, and Lady Janet Montgomerie, who is a daughter of Lord and Lady Eglinton. The unhappy political situation in Ireland, of course, has been somewhat of a handicap to the great show at Ballsbridge, but the attendance was surprisingly good under the circumstances.



Poole, Dublin

M. HARRY LA MONTAGNE

At Ballsbridge last week. M. La Montagne is very well known with the Pau Foxhounds.

More pictures of this event on p. 223



they had ever done before, and Lady Lowther and her two daughters, Miss Edith and Miss Gladys Lowther, Lord and Lady Denman, who had motored over from Balcombe with their daughter, Mrs. Walter Burrell, and Mr. Tom Walls who, earlier in the week, had acted as judge at the hound puppy show. I hear April the Fifth has gone to the sea-side, where swimming is to be part of his preparation for the Leger.

Mr. Walls, apparently, takes an active part in this work, holding his Derby winner at the end of a long rope while the horse exercises himself in the water for half an hour or more. This is a common practice in India, I believe, when the ground is hard, the most popular horse swimming-bath being the Serpentine tank on the Calcutta Maidan.

I also saw Admiral and Lady Hermione Buller and their two young sons. Until last year Admiral Buller was in command of the Royal yacht. Lady Cowdray presented the cup to the winning team. She is just off to Le Touquet with Lord Cowdray, who is going to play polo over there.

Their son, Mr. John Pearson, is giving a large party up at Dunecht, which he inherited from his grand-mother, Annie Lady Cowdray. The party will be made up entirely of young people of twenty-five and under. Dunecht is a huge house on the Don side of Aberdeenshire. It used to belong to the Crawford family, and there was a famous body-snatching incident up there the details of which I forget.

Now that Cowes is over the yachts will all disperse north, south, east, and west as quickly and as silently as London emptied more than a week before. Many of their owners will spend the next month or so in the Mediterranean. Mr. Pirbrick, whose guests include the Archie Campbells, the Redmond McGraths, and Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, is planning to cruise among the Greek islands and along the Dalmatian coast. By all accounts this coast is going to be very popular. Lady Louis Mountbatten and her great friend, Mrs. Richard Norton, will be found there. So will Mrs. Corrigan, after she has finished a short cure at Baden. Her guests will include Lady Weymouth.

Two nights spent in town last week convinced me that London is very dead in



ENGAGED: COUNT DENNIS KRASICKI AND MISS JESSAMINE GORDON

This picture was taken somewhere in London just after the engagement was given out. Count Dennis Krasicki is the son of the late Count John Krasicki, who was Chamberlain to the late Tsar of Russia. Miss Gordon is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon and a grand-daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Aberdeen.



MISS HILARY CHARLES AND MISS ROSE BINGHAM

Bassano

Two of the very decorative members of the younger brigade. Miss Charles is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Charles and a sister of Mrs. Michael Portman. Miss Rose Bingham is Lady Rosabelle Brand's daughter by her first husband, Mr. David Bingham, who was killed in action. Lady Rosabelle Brand is Lord Rosslyn's daughter.

August, however much we try to pretend that it isn't. The blinds are down and the roads are up. The only familiar face I saw in the street was Lord Beatty's. He and his son, Lord Borodale, had just come back from France the day before. Almost the only sign of life was to be found at the International Sportmen's Club, where the swimming pool and the squash racquets courts provide some welcome relaxation for those whom work and economy force to remain in London. Among the swimming enthusiasts have been Miss Diana Mainwaring, Miss Diane Chamberlain, Lord Long, Miss Dorothy Hyson, and the two Briscoe George girls.

It was at the I.S.C. that I saw Lord and Lady Tweeddale, who were just off with their daughter, Lady Helen Hay, to shoot duck in Holland. And everybody else that I saw was on the move—either just arriving or just departing.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Colman both look the picture of health after their cruise in their yacht *Pinta* to Stockholm. They arrived home about ten days ago and had a wonderful passage back; but going out the North Sea was very rough, and they sailed for two-and-a-half days on the port tack, during which time most of the crew succumbed to sea-sickness. They went through the Kiel Canal and on up to Stockholm, where they had such a perfect time that they stayed there instead of continuing their cruise.

The bathing in land-locked water at Stockholm is apparently marvellous, and the sea is not salt, so one never gets sticky.

Lady Smiley and her three sons, Sir Hugh Smiley, Mr. John, and Mr. David Smiley, have all been doing a cruise to the Northern Capitals on the Orient liner, *Orontes*, and arrived back a day or two ago. David, the youngest, is going into the Navy, and is training at the Nautical College,



AT THE WORMELOW FÊTE: LADY HEREFORD AND THE FORTUNE-TELLER (MISS M. TOWSE)

Truman Howell

The fortune-teller had a busy day at the Wormelow Fête in Herefordshire on that elsewhere quite abominable August Bank holiday. At Wormelow it tried its best to be fine. Lord Hereford is England's premier Viscount.



## THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued.

Pangbourne. John has just left Oxford and has bought a fast car, and his eldest brother, Hugh, has just left the Guards.

Lady Smiley and David are now going to Le Touquet, and Sir Hugh and John are going to motor to Biarritz in a brand new Rolls. The family rarely stop in one place for more than a week.

That clever inventor, Miss Susan Tilney, whom I met just before leaving London, went to America last week, and will have the time of her life; for she is going to stay with friends all over the place, and she has received many letters from manufacturers out there asking how they can procure "dog bags," etc. (all invented by her). She is going to call on these personally to take orders, which she will carry out when she gets back. Perhaps she will be able to pay for her trip if she gets enough of them. Miss Tilney is a first-class air pilot, horse-woman, inventor, and hat maker!

Another person I ran into before I left was Mr. Charles Baillie Hamilton, who is also just off to America to stay with friends. He tells me that he may be there for three months, in which case we shan't see much of him before Christmas. His Canadian sister-in-law, Lady Haddington, has been over to stay with her people this summer, and she got back a few weeks ago.

Miss Anita Leslie, whose father, Shane Leslie, has a lovely house in the Free State called Glasslough, where the family are now staying, planned to motor-bicycle to Seville this summer, but I hear that she has given up the idea as being rather too eccentric an expedition for a 1932 débutante! She is most original, like her father, and is always finding amusing things to do which other people have not enough imagination to think of, let alone carry out.

Miss Betsan Horlick is a great friend of hers and is going to stay with her in Ireland soon, after she has finished several visits in Scotland. Miss Horlick is also very original and energetic, and, as well as "doing" this Season thoroughly from the social point of view, she worked very hard at the School of Arts and Crafts in Southampton Row the whole time and unknown to most of her friends.

My news from Antibes is that the sun is shining and that, while there are, as yet, very few English people, there are a terrific number of Americans, complete with children and dogs. The gambling is low and the casinos are not at all full. Hardly anyone changes, even at night, and only a few go in for exaggerated pyjamas.

The sun has been blamed for a certain number of rows out there. Apparently six o'clock is the time that they begin. One man walked into the hairdresser's shop and asked, in very bad French, for a shampoo. After waiting a quarter of an hour, he was presented with a large bottle of champagne by a waiter. From what I hear, chairs, stools, and lotion bottles all went flying. Another man began to throw plates about for fun. Apparently, by the long speech he made, he considered fighting in the War sufficient justification for plate-throwing.

The Pat Andersons are *en villa* with the Bearsteds. And the lovely Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt is also *en villa*. Her twin sister, by the way, has taken an enchanting house in

London near Regent's Park, called The Cloisters. The third sister, Mrs. Thaw, whose husband is at the American Embassy over here, is also down at Antibes. She has achieved a perfect brown by sheer hard work. So has Lady Milford Haven, whose bright orange ensembles are very *chic* and very becoming to her tan. Lady Rothermere is in despair because she cannot brown although she speed-boats to the islands every day.

Monte Carlo seems to be pretty full by all accounts. The Grand Duke Dmitri and Princess Illynskia are there, and so are Mrs. Reggie Fellowes and Mrs. Euan Wallace, while Madame Gabrielle Chanel is bringing down a big party to her villa in the hills above the town. And Lady Ursula Filmer Sankey and her husband arrived there last week.



AT LONGFORD CASTLE: LORD AND LADY RADNOR

A snapshot taken in the Castle grounds on the day of the Longford and District Garden Cottage Show. Lady Radnor is a daughter of Mr. Charles Adeane, who is a kinsman of Lord Leconfield



LORD AND LADY RADNOR'S CHILDREN

The heir, Viscount Folkestone, and his two sisters, Lady Jane and Lady Belinda Pleydell-Bouverie. Longford Castle is near Salisbury. Lord Folkestone was born in 1927

Hall. The lovely gardens, tennis courts, and swimming bath, added to the lavish hospitality and kindness shown by the host and hostess, make this fortnight a real event in the cricket season.

It was a great pity that the two-day match at Badminton against the Beaufort Hunt, captained by the Duke of Beaufort (who, incidentally, is a very sound number one batsman), and the Free Foresters, was limited to one interrupted day; especially as all the J.P.s of Gloucestershire and their wives had been invited to a garden-party in honour of the occasion. However, in spite of the adverse weather, about 400 of them turned up and had tea in the house. The hounds were paraded for their benefit, and one readily understands why they did so well at Peterborough this year, and also why they beat all records in the field, killing over 380 foxes last season—a triumph for "Master" and Tom Newman, his huntsman.

The wonderful herd of deer were much admired, especially the red deer stags, carrying heads which would have made a stalker's mouth water. It is pleasant to know that there are several more matches to look forward to at this delightful and hospitable "stately home of England."—Yours ever, EVE.





A FLYING BOAT AT NORTH BERWICK: LADY HAY TAKING HER TICKET

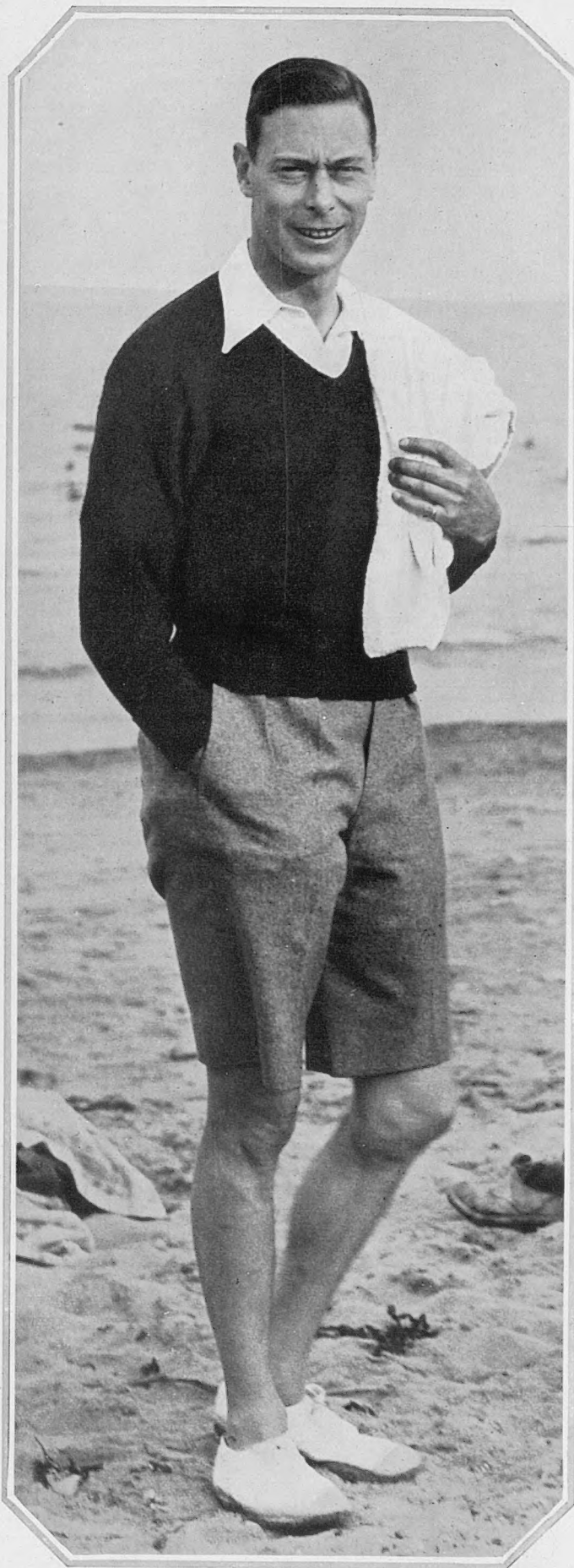
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## MATTERS OF THE MOMENT



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK AT HIS CAMP AT SOUTHWOLD

H.R.H. the Duke of York's annual boys' camp at Southwold is one of the happiest ideas that have ever been conceived, and does an enormous amount of good in more ways than one. This year 400 boys from the public schools and the schools to which working boys go were H.R.H.'s guests and the host himself spent a good deal of time with them. The camp is a brilliant success. The other two pictures were taken at North Berwick, when the flying boat, "Cloud of Iona," paid a visit. Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton, the third son of the Duke of Hamilton, is a Director of British Flying Boats, Ltd., and is seen consulting the Assistant Harbour Master as to the best landing spots. Lady Hay, who went for a flight, is the wife of Sir Duncan Hay, Bart.



# THE CINEMA : By LENZ

## At the Empire.

IT is a good thing that Laurel and Hardy are at the Empire this week. For the chief feature on the programme is rather a grim business, and a little comic relief is badly needed. In *The Music Box* the two comedians give us another exhibition of the gentle art of breaking up a house and home, after they have three times laboured up a flight of several hundred steps to deliver a pianola which the master of the house is most unwilling to receive.

The grimness of *Two Seconds* starts at the very beginning. A prison warder, a group of reporters, and a doctor are waiting to see the murderer, John Allen, die in the electric chair. In answer to inquiries, the doctor states that, though nerves and muscles are paralysed, immediately the current is turned on a man of the prisoner's physique would remain conscious for two seconds, and that during those two seconds he would re-live his life.

The prisoner walks in, the electrician pulls the switch, and immediately we are transported to a 6-inch girder near the top of an unfinished sky-scraper, where two riveters, Allen and his friend Bud, are working. Bud is an ordinary workman, given to gambling and women, but a decent and an honest fellow. John Allen is a bit of an idealist who shuns women and dreams of educating himself to better things. Of course it is Allen who falls a victim to the wiles of a cheap dance-hall girl, who has an eye on his weekly pay-cheque and who thinks it will be easier to continue her irregular life as a Mrs. than as a Miss. That is the very inadequate reason given for her marrying the rivetter when the prosperous Tony, the dance-hall proprietor, is so obviously willing to provide for her. For Shirley does marry John Allen, though she had to make him very drunk to achieve this end. And having married her Allen decides to make the best of his unwanted wife. So he resents Bud's uncomplimentary remarks about the lady with such vehemence that poor Bud is pushed off his 6-inch girder and goes hurtling through space to death on the pavement below.

Allen escapes scot free as far as the law is concerned. But his conscience and his nerves make him a physical and mental wreck. He can no longer work, and he is forced to be dependent on his wife. That is bad enough. But when he discovers that his wife's money is tainted money his hysteria is given full rein. And the result of all this is that he shoots the lady, after paying her back with clean honest money (won by a lucky bet), and considers that he has benefited civilization by ridding it of something rotten. Unfortunately neither judge nor jury see eye to eye with him in this matter. Not even when, in his long and hysterical outburst, he tries to convince them that only when he was dependent on his wife was he worthy of death, and that his independence has made him worthy to live. A strange argument considering just how he earned that independence, without any effort on his own part, but, presumably, by risking some of that tainted money.

It is not really a very edifying story. Certainly not edifying enough to justify the series of very painful scenes. But from the production point of view it is extremely well done. The photography and continuity are perfect, and with the exception of Allen's long outburst in court, not one scene is held too long. The dialogue, too, is particularly good. Vivienne Osborne is to be congratulated on giving such a good portrait of an unpleasant person. She conveys just what she is meant to convey without for a moment over-acting. But Edward G. Robinson most certainly does over-act. A fairly normal young work-man, even though he may have ideals and ambitions, would not sink into the

almost bestial state of slaving hysteria such as he shows to the bookmaker who brings him the money which buys his independence.

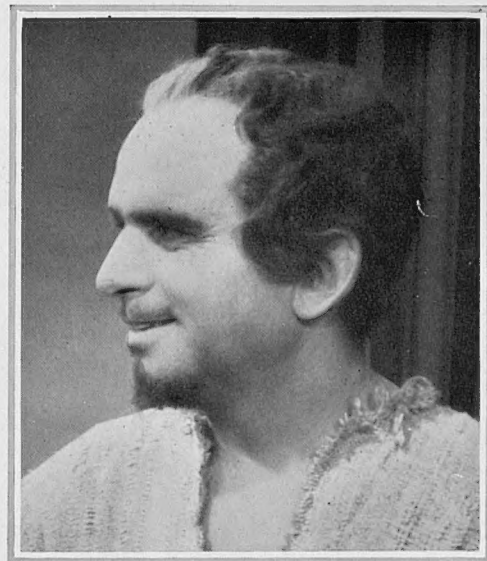
## \* \* \* At the Plaza.

*Shopworn*, which is now on at the Plaza, can also be given fairly high marks for photography, production, and dialogue. The Americans are turning out better and crisper dialogue every week.

But the story is so lamentably unoriginal that these qualities would have been wasted were it not for the acting of Barbara Stanwyck. She is so good that she makes this picture well worth seeing, for one can forget everything else in the sheer pleasure of watching her and listening to her voice which has an odd but attractive roughness. What a discovery she was, this Barbara Stanwyck, with her charming face and figure and her very great ability for both restrained and emotional acting. I think she is Ruth Chatterton's most dangerous rival.

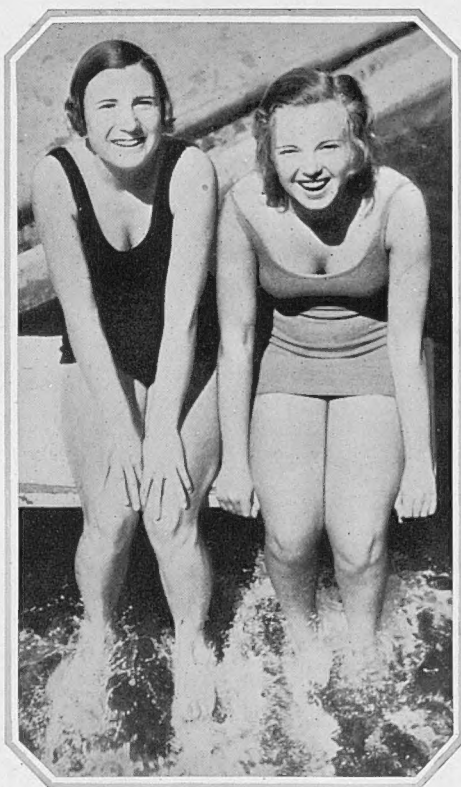
For a few moments I feared that Barbara was in for another of those parts in which she is left, as a young and happy girl, with a child, and develops, in less than twenty years, into a bent and white-haired woman of sixty. That was when marriage with the rich but honest young man is thwarted by his possessive mother and her influential legal friend. This is accomplished in the usual way after very distinct indications that the intended marriage had been anticipated by some hours. The girl is made to think the young man has thought better of it. And he is made to think that the girl has accepted the handsome compensation which, in truth, she has flung into the lawyer's face. So each thinks the worst of the other, and she is sent to a reformatory for *wayward* girls while he goes to Europe with his mother. My fears, however, were not realized. The story develops on far more conventional lines. Remembering her dying father's words that life is a tough job only to be lived successfully by the tough, she proceeds to acquire that valuable quality. Six years later, after taking on and rejecting a long succession of lovers, purely for mercenary and ambitious reasons, we see her a rich and successful actress. But though she is still extremely bitter in her feelings towards the young man who let her down, she still loves him. And as, after a feeble attempt at shooting her, the mother comes to realize the girl's true worth, the lovers are finally re-united.

I have already mentioned Barbara Stanwyck's performance. Regis Toomey is quite adequate as the young man without being wildly exciting. But two of the smaller parts are admirably played. Clara Blandick gives a perfect picture of the possessive mother who uses her imagined ill-health as a tie to bind her son. And Zazu Pitts, who has many very good lines, is her usual inimitable self as the heroine's dish-washing aunt promoted to the position of maid and dresser when fortune begins to smile.



"DOUG" AS CRUSOE!

And a remarkably good Mr. Robinson he makes from all accounts so far received. The film is "Robinson Crusoe of the South Seas," and some of it was "shot" in Alexander Selkirk's favourite seaside resort. Selkirk, incidentally, was more rather than less a pirate



AT PALM SPRINGS, CAL.: MISS RUTH BEASLEY AND MISS MARY ROGERS

Mary Rogers is a daughter of the famous Will, who they say will find that his pretty little daughter will grab a lot of his publicity space. Stranger things could happen quite easily and perhaps will!



## SOCIETY PORTRAITURE



Lenare  
MISS JEAN FOLLETT



Lenare  
MRS. HORACE ELGIN DODGE  
AND HER DAUGHTER, DIANA

Above is a new portrait of the wife and daughter of the American speed-boat and motor-car magnate, Mr. H. E. Dodge, who is also well known on this side of the Atlantic. Diana's christening is to take place next month when her mother, who was formerly Miss Muriel Sisman of Detroit, returns from a brief visit to U.S.A. Miss Jean Follett (see top left), the only daughter of the late Brig.-General G. B. S. Follett and of Lady Mildred Fitz-Gerald, was one of this season's seventeen-year-old débutantes. She is a niece, through her mother, of Lord Dunmore



Marcus Adams  
A CHEERING SIGHT: JOHN JULIUS COOPER

These are discouraging days, but take a hint, pessimists, from Master John Julius Cooper, who is obviously of the opinion that this business of "seeing things through" need not entail a long face. The only child of Mr. Duff Cooper, M.P., and Lady Diana Cooper, John Julius was born in 1929. He is already a live wire in nursery circles, and has hosts of friends. Miss Nica Rothschild (right), the youngest daughter of the late the Hon. Charles Rothschild and granddaughter of the 1st Baron Rothschild, came out this season. She had a dance given for her in June at Lady Rothschild's London house, 148, Piccadilly



Lenare  
MISS NICA ROTHSCCHILD



# RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL" <sup>By</sup>

**G**OODWOOD, spurious Goodwood, is over, and it is inconceivable that we can have another meeting like it this year. What a tragedy it is that where every prospect pleases only the weather is vile and has been every year since the War. Each year we look forward to Goodwood, arrange house-parties, and discuss the fun we'll have bathing and playing tennis, and each year we stand in the tents in gum boots and shiver. To put the kibosh on everything a great many people never touched the semblance of a winner the whole meeting, and it is less funny to lose money in an icy storm than any other way. As the old negro spiritual has it, "All God's chill'un got shoes," but this time they got our boots, sandals, and bed-room slippers as well, and with racing—so far as most people are concerned—at an end till York, there is no chance of getting it back till then so far as can be seen.

Most of the usual lunch tents were in full swing, but perhaps the most popular was the one from Bucks Club with its seductive-looking American bar in the doorway. Unfortunately, with the exception of the Cavalry Club, tents may not do their own catering as at Ascot or elsewhere, and the lack of competition established by a monopoly doesn't lead to perfection. With the admission of apparently an unlimited number of ladies to the members' stand, it is felt that the least that can be done to counter-act the discomfort is to enlarge the stand, which was only constructed for something like half the number it now has to hold. The racing results were truly awful, even poor old Brown Jack finding one much too good for him in Brulette, who will take a lot of beating in any class over a distance of ground. Most of the good two-year-olds such as Manitoba fell from their pedestals, but Betty from Manton put up a most impressive show, and after Myrobella may be as good as anything we have seen over five furlongs.

It is always difficult to know where to stay for Goodwood, the choice really lying between taking a house at great expense or staying at the Metropole at Brighton, which means a long motor drive. The hotels at the smaller coast towns are available of course, but it is not everybody who knows enough about them to pick the right ones. For those who are eligible there has so far been a club (objects—social and convivial), so exclusive, however, that no one can join even for the meeting (except by payment of one guinea), and it is to this club that a large number of regulars resort. Despite its humdrum and even suburban atmosphere wild stories were in circulation on the course as to the extravagant scenes witnessed during the night life of the place. Lord Nomansland is said to have played Lord Claridge 18 holes at Littlehampton for the contents of their respective children's money boxes. Men flushed with wine

played bridge for fourpence a gross regardless of the morning's settling, and one trainer it was feared had been "got at" when he was found hanging from a second-floor window by one leg, with coffee and hot milk running from the points of his ears. In this sort of a climate, as in Somerset Maugham's story, "Rain," men driven to desperation will often do odd things, and who wouldn't be driven to desperation with the band and the bar closing at 11 p.m.!

One of the most gratifying events of the meeting was the turn in Atty Persse's luck when Weatherglass, apparently confidently backed, gave the stable no cause for a moment's uneasiness. Frank Butters all but had a good meeting with Slipper and Sans Espoir for Sir Al. Butt, both being narrowly beaten.

The return to London on the Friday evening after Goodwood is like entering a city of the dead. Not a soul is to be seen, the restaurants and clubs are empty, and it is not till the next day that hordes of rustics appear who stand in the middle of all the main thoroughfares apparently dazed by the noise and the size of the buildings. After such a desperate Goodwood it was only natural that Ally Pally should have a good attendance, and results went their way, though no one can have been brave enough to chance much on Mr. Clayton's Yankee Clipper in the first race.

Sandown, on the Monday, attracted a huge crowd for some pretty poor racing, but practically every favourite won, so everything was as it should be. This time it was the turn of the satchels to stand in the rain and lose money. Too much praise cannot be given to H. Wragg for his acumen in choosing the middle of the course for his run in the Eclipse, when the ground under the rails had been watered into a quagmire. It is to be hoped, however, that he will not adopt this procedure under all conditions—at Sandown, as except in those special circumstances he is loading the dice so strongly against himself. It is probable

that China King must always have won, but Beneficial never got a chance to strike at him. The angle of the winning post at Sandown on the five furlong course is impossible from the stands, so impossible that Flechier won a head when to everyone it appeared that Romneya had won with nearly a length of daylight. As Flechier was far the better backed of the two there was more drinking than heartburning about it amongst the punters.

Brighton followed suit with a succession of winning favourites, so that those who continuously follow the game should by now have got their footwear back.

Talking of Brighton, I understand that Mr. Harry Preston, without whom the place would hardly survive, is going on well. Our best wishes to him.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND FREDDIE FOX

His Grace's best horse this season is the three-year-old Andrea, which, like Lord Rosebery's lop-eared champion, Miracle, was a cheap buy. Freddie Fox rode Andrea in the Derby, but Tommy Weston had the mount on him when he won the St. James's Palace Stakes at Ascot





LORD AND LADY HADDINGTON  
AND SIR ANTHONY WELDON

At the Dublin Show, which, owing to recent political developments, was not so well patronized as usual by British visitors. It is to be hoped that the situation is not quite so gloomy as Sir Anthony Weldon's expression suggests, his outlook being usually a most cheerful one

## IN IRELAND

The Dublin Show  
and Racing Dates



MRS. SPEARS AND MRS. AYLMER

General Spears and his wife, who will be easily recognized as Mary Borden, were staying with Major and Mrs. Aylmer at Kilcock, in County Kildare, for the Dublin Show. The snapshot below was taken in the members' enclosure at Baldoyle. Countess McCormack's husband, the famous singer, is one of Ireland's leading owners of racehorses



MR. COMBE AND HIS FIANCÉE

A picture taken at Leopardstown races, which form a "curtain raiser" to the Dublin Horse Show week. The Hon. Sylvia Coke is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Coke. Her future husband, Mr. Simon Combe, is the second son of Major and Mrs. Boyce Combe, and a brother of Lady Castlereagh



COUNTRESS MCCORMACK, MISS GWEN MCCORMACK  
AND LORD WILLIAM TAYLOUR AT BALDOYLE  
*Photographs by Poole, Dublin*



HURRYING TO SHELTER

The Hon. Mervyn Wingfield, Lady Helena Fitzwilliam and Lady Maureen Brabazon caught in one of the showers of rain which attended the summer show of the Royal Dublin Society. Mr. Wingfield is the only son of Lord Powerscourt, whose place in County Wicklow, Powerscourt Castle, is, according to report, to be put up for sale—another sign of the times



SIR THOMAS AINSWORTH  
AND MRS. GORDON FOSTER

Another snapshot at Baldoyle races. Sir Thomas Ainsworth has retired from the Mastership of the Tipperary, and is to be succeeded by Major Morel, who hunted this pack some years ago. Mrs. Gordon Foster's husband was one of the judges at this year's Dublin Show



# With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING

## An Exceptionally Fine Novel.

**I**T is bad enough to have enemies, but to possess an enemy within one's self is sheer hell. Most of us do possess such an enemy, though the world may call it only a weakness.

Weakness it may be, but weakness can often devastate a life more tragically than vice. It is strange, too, how fate deliberately seems to play upon our most vulnerable point. Or, of course, it may be that temptation is not placed in our way, but that we sub-consciously seek it out. Even sometimes this very weakness may be only a virtue carried to excess. Conscience does not only make cowards of us all, it makes us tragic figures as well. That is why you can never make anything fine of a man and woman who do not within themselves realize they are playing, or have once played, the low down game. They are as hopeless to deal with as those who pride themselves upon having resisted somebody else's temptation. Alas! the worst of temptation is, however, that it generally doesn't look like temptation at all until we have fallen before it. It may even look like happiness; it may even look like virtue. At any rate, it rarely appears as that monster of the moralists which stands before a man fully labelled, crying "Here I am. Fall for me at your peril!"

On the contrary, it generally steals into the mind and heart as a need of life, which we must secure at all costs to go on for ever afterwards, restless with the restlessness of frustration. It is only afterwards, when it is all over, or when there is the possibility of our weakness being found out, that the enemy within us can give us hell. For an honest enemy never flatters, and sometimes, in a psychological sense, he is known as repentance. There is no more ruthless judge in all the hidden life of the psychic being.

"Bred in the Bone" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), Mr. Eden Phillpott's latest and perhaps his finest novel, is the story of such an inner torment. It is the tale of the murder by a man of his brother. It is not, however, the story of any temporal justice. Indeed, there was scarcely even the remotest chance of the remotest chance of the murderer of Lawrence Bryden ever being discovered. The murder had been planned too well. The

clues could lead to nothing more than suspicion, never to actual accusation. But the judge within the heart of Peter, the dead man's actual murderer, eventually did what the law was hopeless to accomplish. Conscience is the hardest task-master, and the pity of it is that it rarely wakes up until it is too late. Often before the event it is quiescent, being completely overwhelmed by the urge to do the act of which it then becomes the ultimate and ruthless judge. It was the conscience of Peter Bryden which eventually made him take his own life. And yet, although he was the one who had actually committed the deed, the deed itself was nevertheless planned by Avis Ullathorne, the girl whom both the brothers loved blindly, passionately, beyond all reason, and with indifference to all results. She, too, had a conscience, but it was not of Peter's terrible kind. For her, the murder which was done for love was justified by itself. She knew that both she and Peter were safe as the law regards safety, and for the rest, her love for Peter, his love for her, sanctified the deed. The character of this woman is perhaps the most remarkable thing in a novel, which is one of the best I have read for months and months. Avis Ullathorne was absolutely truthful. She faced life as she faced facts, without sentiment, without the subconscious hesitation and torture of

a religious conscience; her sense of logic was above mere conventional morality. The secret battle between her and the detective from Scotland Yard is thrilling in its air of calmness hiding behind it the most terrible suspense. And, as far as the law was concerned, Avis won. She won so brilliantly that at the end she found it safe to confess the entire story of the crime to the detective, so secure she knew herself to be. And yet, in all that made the murder of Lawrence Bryden worth while in her eyes, she lost—lost bitterly, tragically. The conscience of the man she loved defeated her. She was powerless against the inner torment of his spirit. "Bred in the Bone" is apparently the first book of a trilogy chronicling the life of Avis, but it is a story complete in itself. And what a gripping story it is! How beautifully the background of Dartmoor plays its part in the grim drama of the tale! Honestly, it is Eden Phillpotts at his super-best all the way through, and he has given us nothing which can quite compare with it in drama and intensity.

Thoughts from "Bred in the Bone."

"For a woman where there's love, there's always hope."  
"Them that amuse you are most easily forgiven."

"Comfort is all the happiness the old hope for. Life gets cut down to the longing to be free from pain."

"No man's hate against you is so bad as your hate against yourself, when things happen to wake it up and you know you've been a fool."

"People say the same silly things, and hide behind the same silly proverbs. And they wake up into great indignation with people that see straight and talk straight."

"Love can rise to a lot, but it can't make you believe in Hell or Heaven, or an avenging God if you ain't built to."

"Sin—I've learnt that much—lies in the feeling you've done sin. If you don't feel you're a sinner, you ain't; no more than a fox killing for his food is a sinner."

"Cranford" of the Bungalows.

Sometimes I think it is better to be bad than weak. There is hope for

the bad, the weak are usually hopeless. They clutch and they cling, and if you, metaphorically speaking, prop them up on one side they immediately flop on the other. So that usually a whole crowd of stronger people have to waste years of their lives putting the starch of independence into the human "limps." Indeed, is there any greater nuisance, or any greater bore, than the person who seems to have absolutely no life of his or her own, but must always mix, or be mixed, in the lives of others in order to have any individual existence at all? If they cannot commandeer some poor miserable someone to administer unto their needs, and lend them a kind of fictitious life, they go all to pieces during the very first day when perforce they have to be alone to fend for themselves. One of the saddest Victorian tragedies—though it still lingers on—was the sight of an unmarried daughter tied relentlessly to the heel of a parent, usually her mother, her youthful footsteps directed into purely middle-aged channels, her whole outlook, her freedom, her individuality engulfed by her relative, imprisoned in the arms of so-called love, but which was more often mere selfish appropriation. Thank goodness children are now no longer supposed to give unthinking allegiance to their parents for no other benefit than that these same parents have brought them into

(Continued on p. 226)



AT WATFORD COURT, RUGBY: LORD AND LADY HENLEY AND THEIR DAUGHTERS

Lord and Lady Henley's three daughters are the Hon. Barbara, the Hon. Griselda, and the Hon. Nancy Eden, and Watford is Lord Henley's midland seat. Askerton Castle, which is also his, is in Cumberland. Lord Henley served with the Royal Naval Division in the Dardanelles, and Lady Henley is an aunt of the Earl of Carlisle



## A DOG LOVER?

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Mr. Brown (who thinks): Did it ever strike you, Mrs. Green, wot a lot of plants there be with names of animals? The dog rose, the cowslip, and the foxglove

Mrs. Green (an indifferent speller): And there be the collieflower, Mr. Brown



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the world! As if that, in many circumstances, needed any such self-congratulation! Yet still the clutch-hold of many a mother on the one unmarried daughter still goes on. If the parent is ill—well and good. But too often it is just the desire for companionship, the need to be served, the joy of having someone at one's beck and call which justifies this loving clutch. Bridget Lowry's new and very charming novel, "The Losers" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), is the tale of just such a victim. Only it begins the week after Rachel Boone had escaped her mother's claws. Not of her own free-will, of course. There is no escape ever from a conscience which is

swayed both by a sense of duty and a sense of pity. Pity, indeed, is an unbreakable chain. But death had intervened, carrying off old Mrs. Boone before the rest of her daughter's life became mere atrophy of every human desire. Rachel was in her forties, but what good is a woman at that age who has spent all her life living the life of another and of an older person? For the queer part of duty born of pity is that, if it be prolonged long enough, it becomes so much part of the fibre of life that, once it ceases, there is no exhilaration of spirit—merely a kind of relief, an uncomfortable strangeness, the feeling of being lost, even of bewilderment. Thus Rachel felt when her mother died and, gathering together what little capital she had, she bought one of those ugly four-square bungalows which

desecrate the south coast of England in all directions. It was cheap and it was nasty, but the most important thing about it was that, like an ugly face, from inside the view was lovely—only outsiders realized an eyesore. The story, then, is a kind of Cranfordian narrative of a little bungalow town; amusing, sentimental, charming. The various human oddities, the retired colonels, the mystery ladies, all the human types, in fact, tragic, lovable, sordid, which genteel poverty brings together. So well does Mrs. Lowry describe these people and her own relations and the life they lead and, how strangers at first, fate intermingles them for the most surprising ends, that you become as interested in and as

intimate with these inhabitants of Little Caudle as if you lived there permanently yourself. So if you want a very entertaining and a very readable novel for which the adjective, lovable, is perhaps the best description, get hold of "The Losers." It has that indescribable quality about it which for want of another word we call charm.

Thoughts from "The Losers."

"Some people never know anything that it doesn't suit their purpose to know."

"Irritation between two people is the fire bred between two sticks. Continual rubbing—that's what does it. And therefore two sticks that are so obviously inflammable are far better apart—why don't old people realize that? Life has such an unpleasant way of herding us with incompatibles—or is incompatibility merely the result of herding?"

"Have you noticed how people chafe at their chains, but when they have a chance of freedom they cannot take it?"

A Very Moral Little Story.

It was laughable to go from this book to the almost "vicarage modernism" of "The Third Miss Chance" (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.), by O. Peter. But then, reviewing is like that. Miss Chance worked with a scientist who was, on the verge of discovering a cure for cancer. One day, however, she met a Marquess in Fitzjohn's

Avenue and he married her. So because her husband was as idle as he was rich and wanted his wife to be much idler, if not richer, she gave up her work. Later on, however, she repented her renunciation. The scientist died, and she found that she alone could continue his researches. A second doctor, who eventually goes blind, asks her to co-operate with him, and she consents to do so in spite of her husband's protests. Eventually, however, something happens to the Marquess. He reforms and becomes quite a good man. So a rather prim little story, which makes valiant efforts to be gay by describing everyone as either "pally" or a "good sort," comes to an end.

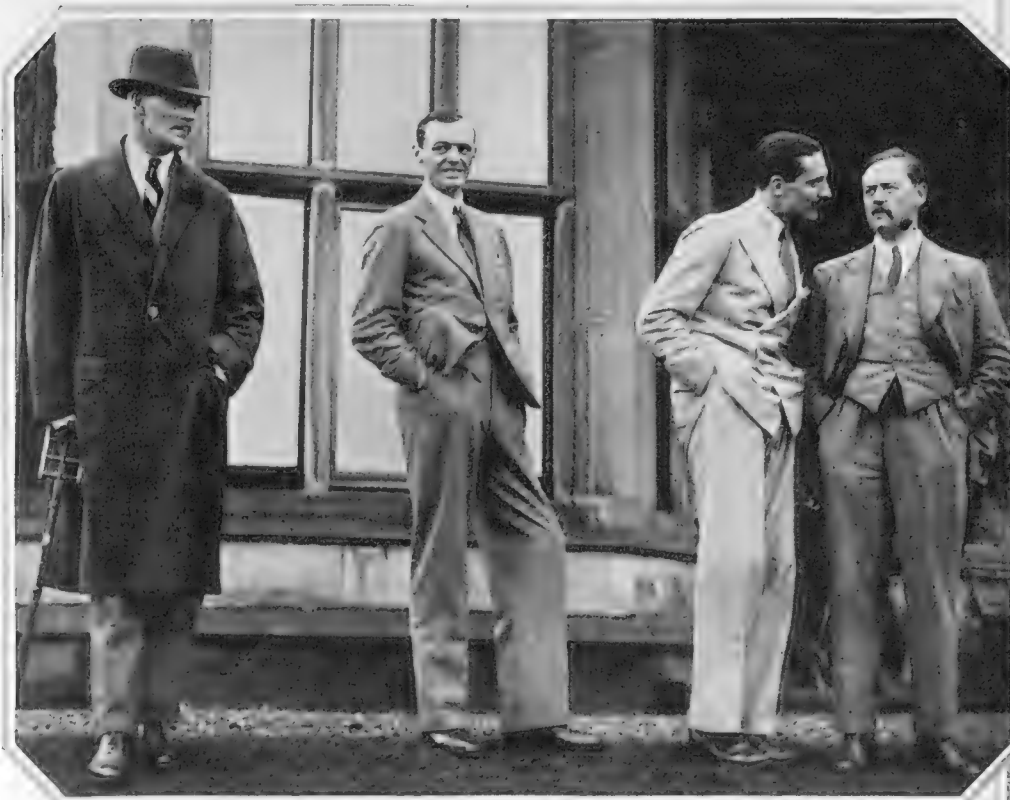


LAUREL (right) AND HARDY

Two of quite the funniest creatures on the talkies. Laurel was born in Ulverston, Lancashire, and Hardy is the son of a Georgia politician and was meant to pursue the professions of Medicine and the Law simultaneously, so it is said—but Fate intervened—fortunately. They are now as we know in England on their first holiday for five years—and still they smile—a marvellous accomplishment



# HORSES AND HOUNDS



AT KINGSTON HALL, DERBYSHIRE, FOR THE SHOW: COLONEL E. D. H. TOLLEMACHE, MR. C. M. HEAD, MR. J. E. H. TOLLEMACHE, AND MAJOR R. A. ABERCROMBY



ALSO AT KINGSTON: THE HON. LAVINIA STRUTT, AND MISS IRIS GRENFELL



AT THE MEYNELL PUPPY SHOW: MRS. W. M. B. FEILDEN, MISS BURT, AND CAPTAIN W. M. B. FEILDEN



AND THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AND SIR PETER FARQUHAR, M.F.H.

The Kingston (Derbyshire) Horse and Hound Show was a pleasant little function and lots of people came to it, and those who did had a chance of seeing some of the Quorn hounds, including this year's entry, which is a very good one—the bitches being quite "extra" as they have been for some seasons past. Colonel Tollemache, who is in one of the groups, used to be in the Coldstream, and is Assistant Commandant at Sandhurst. Mr. Tollemache is also a Coldstream, and Major Abercromby is in the Scots Guards. The Hon. Lavinia Strutt, who was competing at the show, is Lady Rosebery's daughter by her first marriage. The Duke of Beaufort, M.F.H., was judging Sir Peter Farquhar's hounds at the Meynell Puppy Show, and no one could do it better. Mrs. Feilden looks as if she were meeting an old young friend of days before he had to make the acquaintance of kennel food which, even if it is more wholesome, is not quite the same as puppies get when they are at walk. Captain Feilden is Sir William Feilden's son and heir, and the family are all well known with the Meynell

Photographs by Howard Barrett





AT CHELTENHAM: THE FRIAR PARK TEAM

The names included in this picture are Mr. A. David, Mr. H. R. Mackeson, Captain P. J. Butler, and Mr. G. R. Trotter. Mr. David is the skipper, and his team which won the Roark Challenge Cup at Prestbury Park. They also won the minor tournament for the Unwin Cup

THIS polo season in London which is now virtually over excepting at Ranelagh and Roehampton, has been a very good one, in spite of the gloomy prognostications with which it was ushered in, plus the quite abominable behaviour of the weather all through May and a part of June. The complete wiping out of May is the reason why the season has been prolonged into later in August in London than is the case under ordinary circumstances. The weather interfered so much with dates that, as we know, Hurlingham's, and some other fixtures, had to be revised, but eventually at polo G.H.Q. they managed to make up the lost time and finish all square. This was lucky, but it is almost any calculable odds that, if we had been really pressed for time with, let us say, an International team on our hands, the rain would have been even worse than it was! This tells us yet once again that we dare not depend on our climate if there is anything afoot of great importance, and every day is of value. Even with such a magnificent centre as the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton, Gloucestershire, upon which to fall back when London is a quagmire, it seems to me unsafe to bet!

At the Beaufort Hunt P.C. they have got eleven grounds—more than all the London clubs put together—ample stabling, and it is only one-and-a-half hours from London by train, a fact that must be noted because it is not everyone who can send his horses or ponies by motor horse-box. There will be a bit more to say about this later on, for the polo army usually treks westward the moment Goodwood is over and the B.H.P.C. will be the big centre of attraction.

As to what we have seen in London this season, I think the most critical will agree that in all the open tournaments and in the Inter-Regimental we have had some excellent tussles and enough excitement at times to give some people a heart attack! At the beginning of the season most of us thought that in the Championship, Osmaston and, in the Inter-Regimental, The Bays, would squander any field started against them. As a matter of fact, Osmaston had to work their passage in the Championship, and as to the Inter-Regimental, we saw as fine a contest between last year's winners and The Greys and then between the latter and the eventual winners, The Royal Artillery, as has been seen in any Inter-Regimental. It was a most interesting tournament and, I think, a most encouraging and heartening one, the more so because we were shy of one of last year's semi-finalists, the 4th Hussars, who came home with a good polo record from India.

Everyone I feel sure regretted the absence of this regiment from both the Inter-Regimental and the Subalterns' Cup, but the 4th Hussars are at York,

## POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

and the difficulties of finding anything upon which to sharpen their teeth are considerable. At big cavalry and gunner stations like Aldershot and Tidworth the facilities are much greater. Let us hope, however, that such a hard-riding lot as this will be with us next year. In last year's Inter-Regimental and in the Subalterns' Cup the 4th went very well, and were beaten in the final of the Subalterns' 9—4 by The Greys, and in the semi-final of the Inter-Regimental The Bays beat them 7—3. The 4th had had almost less than no time to collect ponies and get things into shape generally, so these two performances were pretty good work. Their team in the Inter-Regimental was practically the same one as that which won the Subalterns' Cup in India in 1929 and 1930.

At the end of last year's Inter-Regimental a list was collected in these notes of soldier players who might be available if and when we next had the chance to play the American Army, and in that list were included two of the R.A. team, Captain B. J. Fowler and Captain J. C. Campbell. If that were true last year it is doubly so this, and I think further that it would be unjust to leave out the names of the other two units of the Gunner team, Captain Morrison and Captain Elton. From The Greys in last year's list was selected Mr. H. P. Guinness only—I think their back this year, Major Gaisford St. Lawrence, must be added. From The Bays, Captain E. D. Fanshawe, Captain G. H. Fanshawe, and Captain Draffen were selected, but Captain Barclay, the No. 2, fits in so well, and played so excellently this season, that he also must be in the list. In fact we cannot do badly if we take these three good regimental teams—Gunnery, Bays, and Greys—and add to our list the cream of the Indian cavalry teams from the three crack regiments, 15th Lancers (this year's Indian Inter-Regimental winners: team, Major E. G. Atkinson, Mr. W. W. Loring, Captain J. A. Greenway, and Captain C. E. Pert—two Internationals as will be noted, Atkinson and Pert), the Central India Horse, and the P.A.V.O. Cavalry and stir well with 17th/21st Lancers, 12th Lancers (Egypt), the former for India next trooping season and these British cavalry regiments in India, 10th Hussars and the 15th/19th Hussars. I should say that even a blind man would be able to see that we have got some pretty good form all round and that if we could only manage to mobilize the best of it we might collect something with plenty of sting in it. I think Captain B. J. Fowler, the Gunner No. 1, is one of the best in that particular spot we have seen for some time past.



AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POLO CLUB

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Mayall, and Mrs. Lucas at Norton on the day the Down Farm team won the Holford Cup. The Hon. Charles Douglas, who is a son of Lord Morton, was No. 2 in the winning team



## THROUGH THE CAMERA'S EYE

New contributions to the  
Society Portrait Gallery



VISCOUNTESS DUNWICH



LADY EARLE

Sir Lionel Earle's wife, who was Miss Betty Strachey Marriott until her marriage six years ago, is a daughter of the late Mr. William Marriott, and related, through her mother, to Lord Strachie. She and her husband live in Sloane Gardens. Sir Lionel Earle, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.M.G., was appointed permanent secretary to H.M. Office of Works and Public Buildings in 1912, after having been private secretary to several distinguished persons, including the late Lord Dudley (when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) and Lord Crewe. Shooting, fishing and golf are the three recreations which chiefly appeal to him.

When the younger daughter of the late Lord Arthur Grosvenor and of Lady Arthur Grosvenor became Viscountess Dunwich in 1929, Cheshire's loss of a popular personality was Suffolk's gain, for the young couple settled at Dennington Hall, which is not so far from the family place, Henham Hall. They have two daughters, the second of whom was born on July 31. Lord Stradbroke's eldest son retired from the Senior Service the year before his marriage and now applies himself to agricultural and other country matters.

Photographs by Yevonde



## DOWN SUSSEX WAY



LORD AND LADY COWDRAY'S HOUSE PARTY FOR THE POLO WEEK

Swaabe

A group taken outside Cowdray Park, where Lord and Lady Cowdray had a party for the racing and for the polo at Lord Cowdray's Midhurst ground, which for the last twenty years or more has been such a pleasant adjunct. In the group are the host and hostess (in the centre), with Major Jack Harrison, Lord Digby behind, Lady Digby in the front row, and Lady Helen Primrose, Lady Digby's niece and a daughter of Lord Rosebery; Captain Rupert and the Hon. Mrs. Hardy; the Hon. Mrs. Walter Burrell, a daughter of Lord Denman and a daughter-in-law of Sir Merrik Burrell; Major Avery; Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. George Murray (formerly the Hon. Angela Pearson) and the Hon. John Pearson, Lord Cowdray's son and heir



AT COWDRAY: MAJOR HORACE COLMORE AND THE HON. MRS. ANTHONY MURRAY



LORD AND LADY COWDRAY WATCHING THE POLO



ALSO AT THE COWDRAY WEEK: CAPTAIN H. G. MORRISON AND CAPTAIN F. W. BYASS

In spite of the bad weather during Goodwood week, Lord Cowdray managed to carry through his always pleasant polo tournament, for there were one or two of what the B.B.C. announcers call "bright intervals." Major Horace Colmore, who is with one of Lord and Lady Cowdray's married daughters, was in the Inniskillings team at the time dear old Ned Haig commanded them and celebrities like one R. G. Ritson (International) and E. C. Bowen were in the team. Captain H. G. Morrison, of the victorious Gunners' team, and Captain F. W. Byass were in the Lakers Lodge team which won the Cowdray Park Challenge Cup, which was presented twenty-one years ago by the first Lord Cowdray



## AT ROYAL COWES

(ON LEFT)  
MR. AND MRS. PETER  
THURSBY AND LADY  
MILBANKE. (ON RIGHT)  
MR. AND MRS. RONALD  
BALFOUR



SIR WALTER RUNCIMAN'S  
"SUNBEAM II." FROM THE  
DECK OF "CANDIDA"

The most satisfactory feature of the great regatta so far and at the time of going to press has been His Majesty's victory in the Cayley Challenge Cup, in which the gallant old *Britannia* beat the flying *Shamrock V*. The three-masted schooner *Sunbeam II*. is to all intents and purposes a replica of the first of her name, the late Lord Brassey's beautiful yacht which went round the world, a voyage commemorated in that most interesting book which was written by the late Lady Brassey. At that time Sir Thomas Brassey (as he then was) was Master of the East Sussex Hounds. Cowes is almost as full as ever, in spite of our being on only the edge of a renewed prosperity



CAPTAIN AND MRS. KELLETT  
AND MRS. SWINTON

LORD POULETT, MISS HELENA McCANN  
AND LORD TENNYSON



# Priscilla in Paris

OF course, *Très Cher*, hating crowds as I do, it was perfectly idiotic of me to start on such an adventure! But friends propose and one's own unsociable nature disposes! I went out of town last week-end by "Train Surprise," a trip organised by one of our enterprising "dailies": the great idea being that "You pay your money and we do the rest!" My friends assured me that it would be an awful rag—or the French equivalent. Exactly!—I felt like a rag and it *was* . . . awful! I repeat, however, my personal impression was the exception that proved the rule of what certainly seemed to be—general enjoyment. The three hundred odd—excessively—bold buccaneers who booked their seats as soon as the idea was set forth in the columns of aforementioned, but not named, "daily," all turned up at the rendezvous with beaming faces . . . and the oddest assortment of hand luggage! There was everything from the newspaper parcel tied with a bootlace to the monogrammed dressing-case such as one only uses when one has a maid to find the necessary porter to carry it!

The meeting-place was in the centre of Paris, and auto-cars started us on our unknown destination, which proved, unthrillingly, to be *Versailles*! There a special train awaited the eager throng, and after a somewhat warm journey, we were thrown out at Lisieux—of all deadly places—where we were supposed to visit the Basilique (in process of construction) and make our li'l prayer (for a safe trip?) to Sainte Thérèse, patron saint of the place. Most of the crowd however, made a dash for the picture postcard stands . . . and got busy with fountain-pen and pencil. There was a certain amount of excitement when the train decided to move on. Two old ladies were missing, and after a frantic search we found them still in deep conversation with St. Thérèse . . . and very annoyed at being snatched away from their devotions. Of course, at Lisieux we quite realised we were en route for Deauville . . . and Deauville it was! We were parked at the "Royal" and the "Normandy," and I wish you could have heard the awed remarks of some of the good people who, bless them, had never enjoyed a room-and-private-bath hotel in their lives before!

Till the next morning we mislaid the rest of the crowd . . . and I rather regret it, for this was the cause of my mislaying quite a few *billets* at the Casino . . . my friends all being inveterate gamblers! Not that the *partie* was high . . . Deauville is not at its gayest or richest this year! We "made contact" with our fellow-passengers once more at the Bar du Soleil next midday! Sunshine Bar be—ahemed! It was the greyest drizzle of a midday that I have ever shivered through. Lunch at the Golf Hotel was more agreeable—for nothing can spoil the gorgeous view one gets from the terrace, and the sun peeked out, taking pity on the poor trippers that we were . . . maybe, too, the cocktails helped! In order further to dazzle the crowd, the organisers had brought a little cinema actress along, and dubbed her "star" of the most glittering magnitude. It was pathootic to see the way the *braves bourgeois* trotted up to our table, for we had managed to become mixed up with the leaders of the expedition, to get her to sign picture post-cards commemorating the trip and her presence as Queen of the Revels! As a matter of fact, I rather enjoyed this interlude. The child was so delighted at this foretaste of fame that she was really quite touching. Arielle is her charming, foolish name, and as she is quite the prettiest little nit-wit I have seen for a long time, I expect the advertisement will do



Paris, Paris

MLLE. ARLETTY

One of the most amusing of the younger generation of actresses now starring in Paris. She has played notably in Rip's revues at the Nouveautés, the Daunou and the Palais Royal. Arletty is tall, dark, very slim, and most divinely formed

quite a lot to boost her on her way—and that will be all to the good! So many of these lovely little creatures get left by the wayside of life that I am always glad to see one of them with a fair chance to make good!

The return train journey was made bearable for me by the fact that I was able to buy Dorothy Burroughes's amusing "child's thriller" at the English book-shop at Deauville. I had been prised away from Paris so unexpectedly that

I hadn't even time to glance at the station bookstall. The adventures of the "Odd Little Girl" will help many children—not to say their nannies and mothers—to survive the wretchedness of wet afternoons during the holidays. As usual with Dorothy Burroughes's books, the story is illustrated by the author herself, who is, as you will remember, so well known for her animal studies and the zoological posters that helped towards making London brighter a few seasons ago! The Odd Little Girl, her prim governess, Miss Knuckles—what a lovely name for a governess!—who turns out to be a regular sport, enjoy some amazing adventures with the Goat—a most temperamental animal—and the Goat's child, Arabella. They visit the North Pole; they jump from there to an African forest, and they finish up in Egypt! These adventures have to be read to be believed, and Miss Burroughes is so persuasive that even if you don't believe them the kiddies will, and that is the main point. With love, *Très Cher*,—  
PRISCILLA.



AT JUAN - LES - PINS: MR. AND MRS. RANDOLPH CHETWYND

The sea can be quite rough at Juan-les-Pins, but it was calm at this moment, and the sun never fails. Mr. Chetwynd is the elder son of the late Commander the Hon. Wentworth Chetwynd, a brother of the present Lord Chetwynd. His pretty wife hails from Devon and was Miss Bridget Walsh



**MOUSSIA !**

A very beautiful European replica of the Hollywood genre of actress, platinum blonde hair, eyelashes and all. Moussia is appearing both on the stage and on the silver screen, and may be remembered by some of the more vigilant fans for her performance in "Il Est Charmant," in London. Roumanian by birth, she is French by marriage, her husband being the Marquis de Breteuil, grandson of a great friend of King Edward VII



## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By  
ALAN  
BOTTMr. Shakespeare's  
RuritaniaHYPHENATED: PHYLLIS NEILSON-  
TERRY AS OLIVIA. JEAN FORBES-  
ROBERTSON AS VIOLA

IT stared me in the face for weeks, reproachfully. "The loveliest thing in London."—Ivor Brown in the *Observer*. "Loveliest show in town."—*Daily Sketch*. "Loveliest comedy ever written."—*Country Life*. I promised myself that I would see and describe this comedy, *Twelfth Night*. But I was told that William Shakespeare, its author, appeared to have written a costume play vaguely in the Elizabethan period; that costume plays never ran for long nowadays; that something modern was more in line with *The Tatler's* readers; and that, since Tomtitt and I dealt

with but one, or at most two, productions weekly, we had better tackle something modern.

This Ruritanian costume-play, however, has broken the rule. It has run, and will continue to run, while plays on a background of to-day come and go like wind, water and international conferences. *Twelfth Night*, therefore, became my portion. I found it altogether lovely.

It did seem, though, that Mr. Shakespeare's plot was an involved one. Sebastian and Viola, having been shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria, each thought the other dead.

Viola, disguised as a man, took service with Duke Orsino, who vainly loved the Countess Olivia. Sent to plead for Orsino, she herself inspired Olivia's passion, and was embarrassed. Viola, moreover, was in the hidden throes of a passion for Orsino.

When Sebastian arrived, Olivia married him in mistake for Viola, and liked it much better than if she had married his sister. As for Orsino, he forgot Olivia so soon as Viola revealed her fond masquerade, and promised to marry her when she changed into skirts. Everybody was left happy except Malvolio, the vain steward, who had been persuaded by jokers that Olivia loved his person, and who strutted away in a huff, after release from the local madhouse.

This criss-crossing of motive with mistake sounds cumbrous, you will agree. The author, however, makes his involved pattern glitter with melodious dialogue. Taste, with tongue and ear, these that follow:

"Halloo your name to the reverberate hills, and make the babbling gossip of the air cry out 'Olivia!' . . .

"She never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm i' the bud, feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy she sat, like Patience on a monument; smiling at grief. . . .

"And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges . . ."

Mr. Shakespeare introduces songs, and for these he has written lyrics high above the average. Consider this one:

What is love? 'tis not here-  
after;  
Present mirth hath present  
laughter;  
What 's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come and kiss me, sweet  
and twenty,  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

CECIL RAMAGE AS ORSINO, GODFREY  
KENTON AS SEBASTIANSEA-CAPTAIN ANTONIO:  
A. B. IMESON



CLOWN: JOHN LAURIE

And here is a nonsense verse with haunting flavour:

When that I was  
a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the  
wind and the rain.  
A foolish thing was  
but a toy,  
For the rain it  
raineth every day.

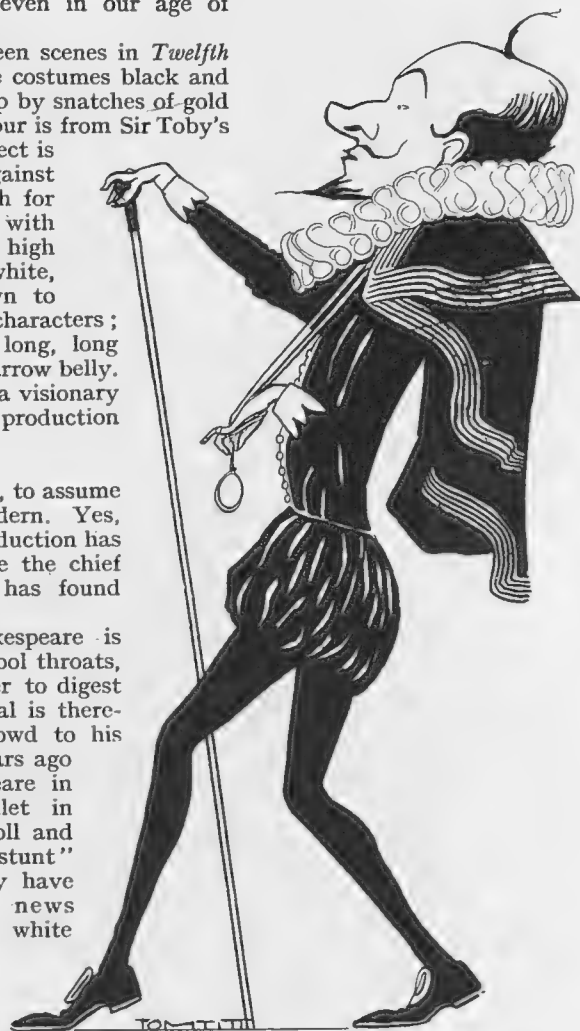
The author's talent for lyrics, indeed, might give him a wider range in the theatre. It could lead him into writing revues and fragrant operettes, after the manner of Mr. Noel Coward. He would also be helped by his capacity for slapstick humour. His Sir Toby Belch oozes gusto; Sir Andrew Aguecheek is the pattern of white-blooded futility; and as for Malvolio, his disdainful, overweening conceit touches the superb. Here and there, though, he is definitely coarse, an example being when Sir Toby belches before Olivia, and throws the blame on pickled herrings. I am surprised that the *Sunday Express* has not called for the suppression of another sentence, with an unfortunate double meaning that

goes beyond the bounds of etcetera, even in our age of frankness run riot.

The presenters have used for the fifteen scenes in *Twelfth Night* black and white only, and for the costumes black and white with a few allied greys, touched up by snatches of gold and silver on the uniforms. The only colour is from Sir Toby's face and Olivia's very red hair. The effect is novel, although I have a grievance against one item. The centre of the backcloth for Olivia's garden is given to a mermaid with an attenuated belly, who drinks from a high gourd. Her blackness, against the white, is so prominent that the eye is drawn to herself and away from the characters; and one wonders when the long, long drink will fill out the very narrow belly. This apart, the designs have a visionary quality that helps to make the production altogether lovely.

It is old stuff, you may think, to assume that Shakespeare is a modern. Yes, but that is just what this production has done; and I believe it to be the chief reason why its box-office has found success.

The barrier against Shakespeare is that he is rammed down school throats, which promotes a desire never to digest him again. Something unusual is therefore needed to draw the crowd to his beauties in the theatre. Years ago the attraction was Shakespeare in Modern Clothes—See Hamlet in Plus Fours. Mr. Sydney Carroll and his colleagues have used a "stunt" less extreme than that; they have circulated the profitable news that this is "the black and white version." More useful, however, is the delicious light-heartedness (or lack of heavy hero-worship) that quickens the production by Mr. Robert Atkins. The



WHAT HO, MALVOLIO!—ARTHUR WONTNER

incidental tunes collected from modern sources help to free the sentimental comedy from the highbrow taint.

It is Shakespeare for the average man and woman.

Yet the best among the classical traditions remains. Beauty in language is heightened by beauty in diction. It is a delight to hear the rhythms of Phyllis Neilson-Terry's Olivia, or the cadence of John Laurie's recitative singing as the clown. It is a special delight to hear and see Jean Forbes-Robertson's immensely appealing Viola. And seldom can four comic rôles have been joined together with interpretation so nearly perfect as the Malvolio, Toby, Andrew and Maria, by Arthur Wontner, Robert Atkins, Norman Forbes and Clare Harris.

Though you be shooting the grouse, set aside a future date for *Twelfth Night* at the New Theatre. It is, I repeat, altogether lovely (Alan Bott in *The Tatler*).



SIR TOBY, MARIA, SIR ANDREW: ROBERT ATKINS, CLARE HARRIS, VALENTINE ROOKE (UNDERSTUDY FOR NORMAN FORBES)





#### MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW—A BIRTHDAY PORTRAIT

This picture was taken on Mr. Bernard Shaw's seventy-sixth birthday, and as the occasion was an exceptional one, the distinguished author and playwright apparently made no demur at the publicity the photographer insisted upon thrusting upon him. In the best-known books of reference, Mr. Shaw tells the world that his recreations are "anything except sport," but modestly refrains from saying anything about his not so well-advertised musical talents. As Mr. Shaw has recently broadcast the fact that he can write anything and everything, perhaps it is not too much to hope that, sooner or later, he may give us a full-blooded grand opera—words and music all complete?



10/11/32



# Haig

**FOR EVERY OCCASION**

*no finer whisky goes into any bottle*





## THE GODS

## AND GODDESSES

A wonderful conception of the "immortals" by Signor Autori, who has been most successful in his picture is as follows: Front row, left to right—Ronald Colman (Mercury), Marlene Dietrich (Venus, who sang the sublime hymn), Joan Crawford (Juno), Charlie Chaplin (Jove), Greta Garbo (Diana), Ramon Novarro (Thalia, the Muse of comedy), and Maurice Chevalier (Orpheus, with lute and all); back row, left to right—George Arliss (Saturn), John Barrymore (Vulcan), John Gilbert (Neptune, that gallant hero, Perseus), and Wallace Beery (Bacchus), and Poli Negri (Erato, the erotic Muse).

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of this





## DEITIES IN THE MODERN OLYMPUS

successful in his apportionments, as we believe will be admitted most readily. The key to the scene is: Dietrich (Venus), Douglas Fairbanks (Mars), Mary Pickford (Polymnia, the Muse of the Muses), Ramon Novarro (Apollo), Norma Shearer (that faithful lady, Penelope), Marion Davies (Athena), and all; back row—Jeannette Macdonald (Euterpe, the Muse of lyric poetry), Clark Gable (Neptune), Tallulah Bankhead (Melpomene, the Tragic Muse), Gloria Swanson (Minerva); in front—Buster Keaton (Cupid)

The offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra



# HOMARUS GAMMARUS

(Common Lobster)



“Homarus Gammarus”—oh, what a name,  
What a mouthful of Latin is this!  
But say it with Guinness—you’ll find all the same,  
It’s a mouthful that won’t come amiss

# GUINNESS

AND

# LOBSTER



# ON THE SILVER SCREEN !



MYRNA LOY IN HER LATEST PICTURE.  
"AFTER ALL"

Myrna Loy's latest is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, and they say that it is one that fits her. She was born in Montana and has Titian hair and green eyes, a rather fascinating combination, and she started her career as a professional dancer. "The Maid of the Mountains" has been shot at the B.I.P. studios at Elstree and has a good Baldassare in Harry Welchman, whose father some people may remember in the Indian Cavalry, one of whose regiments he commanded. When the picture you see was taken, Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, who plays a part in her next, "Perfect Understanding," a Gloria Swanson British Production, were at Cannes collecting atmosphere on location. Gloria was born in Chicago and set it alight before Al Capone even got his name in the papers.

He is not everyone in the U.S.A.



"THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS" FILMED: HARRY WELCHMAN (BALDASSARE) AND BETTY STOCKFELD (ANGELA)



GLORIA SWANSON AND MICHAEL FARMER (HER HUSBAND) IN CANNES—ON LOCATION !



## THE SKIN GAMESTERS

Qualifying  
for "colours"  
down South

Here are some of the people who have lately found the right answer to the sunburning question on the Riviera. Figuratively speaking, the revelations attendant on such an achievement are frequently startling. However, it is obvious that Mrs. Dudley is in the easy-to-look-at category, and that she was made Queen of the Plage at Juan-les-Pins and awarded a prize of 2000 francs, showed that the judges knew their job



COOLTH ON THE  
TENNIS COURT

While Captain Hilliard remains faithful to the more orthodox tennis outfit, Mr. Derek Studley Herbert and Major Eric Loder believe in the elimination of superfluities. The result, as far as Major Loder is concerned, is a rich mahogany disguise, but Lady Seafield's tall husband is still recognisable. This snapshot was taken at Mr. "Bill" Burton's lovely place up at Mougins, where, amongst many other attractions, he has a really fine hard court



CAPTAIN AND MRS. DENNIS LARKING

Two hospitable features of Cap d'Antibes are Captain Dennis Larking and his wife. They have a particularly nice villa there and entertain more often than not. Mrs. Larking's beach suit deserves special comment for its originality and gracefulness, the trim little jacket with its short cape sleeves being an exceptionally good idea. Sandals and tinted toe-nails complete the décor



QUEEN OF THE PLAGE: MRS. DUDLEY WINS  
A FRENCH BATHING BEAUTY COMPETITION



## BEYOND THE BLUE HORIZON



## BESIDE THE BALTIC SEA

Prince Otto von Bismarck, with his brother and his lovely wife, at Travemünde, where he is now engaged in convalescing after being laid low by an operation. London will have to wait until October to welcome back the Von Bismarcks, whose popularity is not confined to diplomatic circles. Prince Otto is a First Secretary at the German Embassy



MR. "NICKY" KASTERINE (LEFT)  
AND MR. W. FILMER-SANKEY

Above are two habitués of Monte Carlo's bathing beach. Though the joint Master of the South Notts sometimes favours dark glasses, his outlook is particularly bright, and little escapes his eagle eye



The snapshot below comes from Eden Roc, where dogs have been greatly in evidence this season, among them a lovely Borzoi belonging to Baronne Jean Pellenc, whose home is in Germany. Mrs. Crabbe is the attractive American wife of Mr. Archie Crabbe, Scots Guards



MR. RALPH LYNN AT MONTE CARLO

## SUN-BATHING BEAUTIES

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey and Mrs. "Bill" Seely adding their quota of gaiety to the Monte Carlo beach, just now one of the most populated and entertaining places on the Riviera. Mrs. Seely was Miss Lavender Francklin before her marriage. Her husband is a nephew of General Seely

Also lately to be seen at Monte Carlo was Mr. Ralph Lynn, but a week-end was all he could spare, there being still plenty of "Dirty Work" to be done at the Aldwych. He was in the best possible fettle, and at the moment of being photographed was contemplating a fully dressed plunge into the bathing-pool



BARONNE JEAN PELLENC AND MRS. CRABBE



## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



A CHAMPION BOAR AT THE RUTLAND SHOW

Mrs. Howard Laurie, with her husband's prize-winner at this Show, which was held at Oakham. It is not surprising that the judges picked him, for he is almost human

**A** YOUNG barrister, in a harrying cross-examination of a landlady, was trying to discredit her boarding-house in the eyes of the jury. She spoke of certain lodgers who never went out at night, and the barrister pounced upon her at once. "A queer set of people seem to live in your house, madam," he said. "Are they in training for monks, or is there some reason for hiding themselves from the public?" "No, sir," replied the landlady, "They're studying for the law."

**A** service was taking place in a village church on the Irish coast. Suddenly a man ran in shouting: "A wreck, a wreck!"

The congregation started to rush out, when they received a peremptory order to stop. Getting well in the front of his flock the priest said: "Come on, now we can all start fair."

**T**he vicar looked pained. "John," he said, earnestly, "the last time I saw you you made me happy because you were sober. To-day you have made me unhappy because you are intoxicated."

"Yesh, to-day's my turn to be happy," replied John, with a beaming smile.

**T**he secretary of a big store dashed into the manager's office.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the manager in alarm, "what's happened?"

"It's our new traveller, Brown," said the other breathlessly. "He's using the most insulting language. Told me to fry my face, and said that you could go and chase yourself."

"He did, did he?" snapped the manager. "We'll fire him at once. Let's see, he's been with us three months. What business has he done?"

The secretary consulted his books: "Five hundred pounds the first month, a thousand the next and three thousand the next." "H'm," murmured the manager thoughtfully, "perhaps I ought to take a little more exercise—and I dare say the caretaker will lend you a frying-pan."

"What qualifications are required to make a successful card-player, dear?" asked Mrs. Brown casually.

"Well, it's difficult to say," replied her husband thoughtfully. "A man must be cool, calculating, crafty, cunning, and have a touch of meanness in his disposition."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed his wife. "Surely you wouldn't like to play cards with such horrid people!"

"That's all right," the husband answered proudly, "I nearly always win."

**T**he conversation at the dinner table turned on art. "I know an artist who painted a cobweb so realistically on his ceiling that the maids spent an hour trying to get it down," said one of the guests.

"I don't believe it," retorted another.

"Why not?" said the first, in a nettled tone. "Artists have been known to do such things."

"Perhaps," returned the other, "but maids haven't."

**A** tramp called at a cottage and the lady of the house gave him some pudding she had made.

A short time later he returned. "Excuse me, lady," he said, "but would you kindly let me have the recipe for that pudding?"

The housewife looked rather astonished.

"But why do you want it?" she asked.

"To settle an argument," replied the tramp. "My mate says there's two cupfuls of cement in it, and I says there's three."



LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY AND MAJOR SMITH, ALSO AT THE RUTLAND SHOW

Lady Priscilla Willoughby is Lord and Lady Ancaster's younger daughter. Major Smith was formerly in the Blues. The Hunter classes at this Show were particularly good. Mr. Hilton Green, Master and huntsman of the Cottesmore, was President of the Show

ANOTHER RUTLAND SHOW WINNER  
Miss Diana Lubbock and her winning entry in the Young Farmers' Class

**A** girl had lost her heart to a jockey, and had prevailed upon her mother to see her chosen ride in a famous race. They took up their position near the rails, and when the horses had flashed past and disappeared, the girl's mother said, angrily:

"That settles it. You can't marry that man—he's a boor. I told him to look out for me, and when he passed he didn't even raise his cap!"



# *The* Ideal Summer Drink



## ‘OVALTINE’ Cold

*Delicious – Refreshing – Sustaining*

D.847



# Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE"

By

THE interesting figures furnished by the Commissioner of Police dealing with the crime committed in the First City of the World may make the mouths of even some Hollywood cinema stars water. We are

told in this report that property stolen during the year under notice is valued at £963,708, and that of this only £195,000 was recovered. This pans out to something like £14,728 taken out of London per week, or, say, about £2,104 per day or per night, as the case may be. The practitioner, of course, does not touch for this in actual value, as even a person who is not a policeman knows that the middle-man gets a big rake-off and allows the actual operator a very beggarly price; but all the same, £14,000 a week is £14,000, and there must be a good margin of profit or the grabbers would not carry on their exciting and arduous work. There seems to be just as much profit in it as there is in backing race-horses or even long-dogs.



OZONE AND EXERCISE AT NORTH BERWICK

The daughters of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Deuchar, Pamela, Yvonde, and Zara, who was presented two years ago. The North Berwick sands are as good for the practice of equitation as the rest of the place is for golf

Balmain

At one time, no woman was, under any circumstances, permitted to pass the august portals of the Radetsky Hussar Club, but no rule has ever yet been made that lovely woman has not found some way of evading. The charming wife of a well-known M.F.H. "somewhere in England" and an equally charming friend of hers managed to defy the committee and run the blockade—to the tune of supping in this very exclusive domain. The lady, of course, will remember this incident—and so may the club committee!

The timely publication of Mr. T. M. McAlpine's most informative article in the *Morning Post* on the origin of the Royal Yacht Squadron has, of course, been appreciated at its deserved worth by all who are interested in amateur seafaring. Mr. McAlpine makes a reference to the R.Y.S. having been called "the most exclusive club in the world," but at the same time points out that the reason for its inception was the ultra-exclusiveness of certain London clubs, two of which still exist and preserve their ancient tradition in this direction in almost as great a degree as they did in the days of "The Dandies." I think I may be right in claiming that the title of being "the most exclusive club in the world" is not claimable either by the R.Y.S. or by the clubs as an antidote to which it was first started. There was, and there may be still, the Radetsky Hussars Club in Vienna, which, in the happier days of the Austrian Empire, was unquestionably the most exclusive club in the world. Has any other club, I wonder, compelled the resignation of a reigning sovereign? I have only heard of this one instance. The story is something like this: A certain person was proposed for membership by a certain King, and, under most circumstances, that, undoubtedly, would have assured his election without any demur or question. It did not do so in this instance. His Majesty was asked to take his candidate down, but promptly refused to do so, threatening at the same time to send in his own resignation if his protégé were not elected. The committee replied with equal promptitude that they could not alter their decision



THE HON. ELLEN LIDDELL IN CANADA

A snapshot at the Seigniori Club at Lucerne - in - Quebec. The Hon. Ellen Liddell is the elder of Lord and Lady Ravensworth's two daughters. The younger daughter married Mr. Edward Speyer last December

A little suggestion for one of those clever chaps who draw pictures which cheer us up so magnificently: "Mr. Gillie Potter talking about Hognorton trying to get a smile out of a man with a face like a gnu, sitting in the front row of the stalls at the Savoy Folies."

The timely warning which the authorities of our peerless "Zoo" have issued to the holiday-maker against petting the animals is excellent, especially where one animal is concerned. This is the camel, usually held up to us as a rather estimable and noble beast: the "ship of the desert," patiently carrying enormous loads and provided with so many stomachs that when he has pumped them all full, he can go without a drink for days and days on end. The camel can and has bitten off a man's entire face at one snap—and so I think that, however desirable it may be that some people's faces should not be merely "lifted" but entirely suspended, the "Zoo" keepers are right in suggesting a measure of caution. There must be people who, when in a holiday humour, are in the habit of tickling a sleeping tiger's ear and trying to take a bone away from a lion—or else the "Zoo" would not have published this warning—but it is difficult to understand such a mentality. Personally, I should just as soon think of cuddling a cobra as risking the best of three bites with a camel or a tiger or a lion, or anything else of uncertain temper. Do not let us forget Mr. Stanley Holloway's sad story of "Albert and the Lion."





DEMEYER

## A special afternoon treatment for important occasions

• There are occasions when faces simply must be transformed in a very few minutes. Perhaps for an unexpected appointment . . . or just to please oneself. Elizabeth Arden has a treatment especially created to do this rapidly, but thoroughly. First, a deep, kindly cleansing with Cleansing Cream, which melts as it touches the skin, leaving it immaculate, without danger of dryness or roughness. Next, a refreshing patting with Skin Tonic. Then, when the face is beautifully clean, it is ready for Anti-Wrinkle Cream . . . so rich and mellow that it is easy to understand why droopy lines and wrinkles disappear under its soothing influence. Rest for ten minutes while Anti-Wrinkle Cream is doing its work. The effectiveness of this cream in removing lines and tiredness will amaze you. After the cream is removed, give your skin another quick

patting with Skin Tonic so that it feels fresh and tingling

• And now . . . feeling wonderfully revived . . . you are ready for the final flattering touch of make-up. The question is, just what shades of make-up? The answer is on Elizabeth Arden's clever new Colour Chart which shows, at the turn of the disc, exactly which tints of powder, rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow and cosmetique should be worn with each new colour. When you have decided on the dress you will wear, turn to the woman on the chart who is wearing that colour, and use the make-up indicated. The Anti-Wrinkle treatment which has revived your skin, and the perfect make-up co-ordination indicated by the Chart, will combine to make you very lovely. Just come to the Salon and ask for Miss Arden's Colour Chart. It will be given you gladly

• The preparations required in this treatment are :

*Venetian Cleansing Cream* . . . Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves the skin soft and receptive 4/6, 8/6, 12/6

*Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic* . . . Tones, firms, and whitens the skin and keeps the tissues healthy 3/6, 8/6, 15/6

*Venetian Anti-Wrinkle Cream* . . . Fills out fine lines and wrinkles, leaves the skin smooth and firm 4/6, 8/6

and for your make-up . . .

*Ardena Powder*, a powder of absolute purity. A becoming new sunburn shade is Rose Rachel 12/6

*Elizabeth Arden's Lipstick Ensemble* . . . six delightful shades, to suit every mood, every gown, 32/6. Individually, 6/6

*Venetian Rouge Amoretta* . . . a beautiful cream that blends easily, giving a natural, soft tint. In colours to harmonize with your lipstick 7/6, 8/6

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# AIR EDDIES \* By OLIVER STEWART

## The Stage and Screen.

**A**VIATION has always received valuable support from the stage and the screen. Co-operation between flying and the footlights, goggles and grease-paint, has proved mutually beneficial. The film star, for instance, has imitated the methods of aeronautical engineering in her face. All feminine film stars now wear a rigidly standardised, series-produced face. The head is bulb-shaped; an enormous expanse of forehead, reminiscent of the great open faces, spreads upwards and outwards from the orbits with their heavy-lidded "glamorous," "expressive," "mysterious" and generally overworked eyes. Somewhere on the frontal bone will appear the errant eyebrows; curves of sines or else wispy and fantastic tracings resembling the marks made when a spider crawls out of the ink-pot on to the paper.

A large amount of work goes to the making and maintenance of this film face, and actresses are probably the hardest worked people in the community. When once they have established a genre they no longer play a part; the part plays them. They cannot relax and be somebody else; they must always be, forcibly and feverishly, themselves; and there is nothing more exhausting than being oneself. Compare the actress who plays juvenile parts with the business woman holding an "important and highly paid appointment." The business woman believes that she must present a forbidding appearance in order to convince visitors of her business ability. She must eschew the quality described by Ezra Pound as "caressibility." Horn-rimmed glasses—the armour of the excessively self-conscious; the commercial man's comforters—are adopted, and, largely as a result of the functioning of her psychological escape mechanisms, the business woman goes about looking like a serious motor-smash in the Commercial Road on a rainy night in November.

On the other hand the actress must be perpetually neat, perpetually soignée, perpetually at the peak of her power curve. It is a more tiring and a more difficult task, and it needs brains as good and a higher standard of taste. And especially is it tiring and difficult when there is the public event; when the actress is required to open a bridge, christen a yacht, cut a cake, drive a car, present a cup or fly in an aeroplane as a sort of gesture and encouragement. For those not immediately concerned with flying there are few things more difficult than to simulate, convincingly and attractively, an interest in aircraft, aero-engines, and the aeronautical community. Yet they do it somehow. And at Hatfield the opening of the Stage and Screen Aero Club was a notable success.

## Hatfield.

**T**he club came into existence largely as a result of the work of Mr. James Raglan, who is now playing in *Escape* and who has had much experience as an aeroplane pilot. Mr. Rivers Oldmeadow shares with him the duties of Hon. Secretary. Mr. Hugh Wakefield is the Chairman. He is a pilot of many years' experience; in fact, I happened to be stationed on the same aerodrome as Mr. Hugh Wakefield in France in the early days of the war. The Committee includes Mr. D. Page and Miss Marjorie Mars, who was the first to join. The club has its own aeroplane, and offers dual instruction at £3 3s. an hour with a de Havilland instructor and at £2 2s. an hour solo. Mr. W. Mycroft, who has been a member of Hanworth for a long time, attended the opening of the Stage and Screen Club. Mr. Milton and Miss Dorothy Bouchier, who have been working at Hanworth and at Brooklands lately on a film, are also—I am told—members of the new club. Sir Nigel Playfair officiated

in the naming of the club's aeroplane, and Mr. Robert Loraine, when he returns, is to be invited to interest himself in the club.

One of the side-shows at Hatfield, which attracted a great deal of attention on the occasion of the opening of the Stage and Screen Aero Club, is the miniature motor-racing track. This is the track originally sponsored, I believe, by Sir Henry Birkin. The cars are electrically driven and their speed, scaled up to full size, would represent 120 miles an hour. "Driving" them is not, as some people seemed to think, a matter of luck; but of skill and experience, the aim being to keep up the maximum speed without skidding and stopping the cars on the corners.

## Dunlop Wheel Brakes.

**I** have received from the Dunlop Company some details of the new Dunlop wheel brake for aeroplanes. The compressed air system of applying the multiple shoes is employed, with the result that an almost even pressure is obtained all round the drum. Moreover, this kind of brake enables a very accurate control over the degree of application to be obtained and gives a sweet and progressive action. The important point about the Dunlop aeroplane brakes is that they work with the rudder bar. Thus the aeroplane can be steered and turned on the ground by the brakes, a system that is becoming increasingly valuable as aerodromes become more crowded. On an Avro Avian the complete brake installation weighed only 18½ lb. and an efficiency of more than 90 per cent. is obtained, according to the manufacturer's figures.

The application of the brakes is by means of a small lever in the pilot's cockpit. A ratchet and pawl enable the brakes to be left on for parking. With these brakes the Dunlop streamline wheels, which are carefully faired to reduce drag, can be fitted.

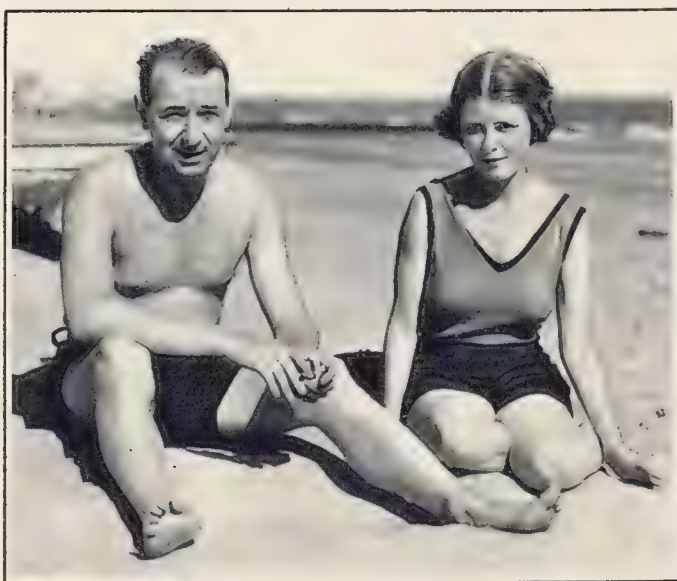
## Heston.

**T**he weather at Heston on the occasion of Sir Alan Cobham's pageant there was not favourable, and so the flight of survey which it had been proposed to give to a number of eminent town planning authorities had to be abandoned. Nevertheless, a meeting was held at which these authorities were present, and Mr. Nigel Norman placed the case for "air-planning" before them, everyone being greatly interested and no doubt instructed.



A HESTON AIRPORT SNAPSHOT

Mr. R. P. G. Denman and Mr. Nigel Norman, two of the directors of the Heston Airport and, incidentally, two of the best-known personalities in civil aviation to-day



IN THE U.S.A.: AT THE ATLANTIC BEACH CLUB

Colonel James Fitzmaurice, the celebrated Irish Trans-Atlantic flier, and Miss Bardness Barbara von Falch Riew, sun and sand bathing at one of America's most restful spots



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beverage known?

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your system and  
eliminate impurities?

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if it's*

# Gordon's Gin

## THE LARGEST SALES IN THE WORLD





# THUS SAID CALUM THE KEEPER

"The Fool He was to Burn his Harp for Her!" By IAN COLVIN

**B**EN MORE, as the name signifies, is the highest hill on the Island of Mull, and high on its shoulder Calum and I were sitting. Far below the glimmering sea-loch full of islands: Staffa, farther to the west, stood on stilts of black basalt, and beyond, in the ocean, that strange island called by sailors the Dutchman's Cap. Wild, romantic land and sea! To the north, hemming the bay, lay the Isle of Ulva. We could see the tragic ferry where the lovers were drowned before Lord Ullin's eyes.

"Eh, weel," said Calum, "they micht ha'e lived to repent it."

"Calum," said I, "you're an old misogynist."

"And what may that be?" said the Keeper.

"Why, a hater of women, Calum," I explained.

Calum chuckled. "'Smairg a loisgeadh mo thiompan rithe," he muttered.

My Gaelic was unequal to it. "And what may that be?" I asked.

"The fool I was to burn my harp for her!" Calum translated.

Then the old man pointed to a high pass between the hills far to the east where there was nothing but hills and hills and hills beyond.

"Do you see that corrie?" he asked.

"What of it?" I could see plain enough the deep gulf of rock with two buzzards flying high over it.

"And the rock there over the green beside the path. Do you see where it leans over so as to make a shelter from the north?"

Yes, I could barely see it.

"That was where the auld man laid her—her an' his harp an' his heart an' a'."

"Who was the old man," I asked, "and who would she be?"

"Her name it would be Barabel," Calum replied, "and he would be a MacRaing. Aye, he would be a Rankin. I told ye about them afore; they were the pipers to the MacLeans o' Duart time out o' mind. Duncan Rankin or MacRaing would be his name, the same that sent Patrick Og MacCrimmon into the cave—but that's another story.

"He was an elderly man at the time, so they say, and Barabel, she was but a lassie. And when age loves youth it's an unco' thing—aye, a cruel thing. In the spring of the year you look forward to the lang days o' summer wi' the harvest a lang time thereafter. So youth looks for sunny days and thinks about naething less than the end o' them; but when you begin to be auld the leaves are turning dun and you feel it's a' maistly behind you, and you grip hold upon your happy hours and cry out to them to stop, knowing well how swift they're flying past. It's not only what you have but what you must lose that you think about then. Aye, when an auld man loves a lassie he gangs clean daft for the fear that he may lose her—wi' death jinkin' ahint her petticoats."

"There's no fool like an old fool," I said to give Calum his breath after so long a dissertation.

"Forbye," Calum went on, "Duncan was nae ordinary man but a piper, and a poet and a harper, as a' the MacRaings had been for hundreds and hundreds o' years. In those days they played the harp as well as they played the pipes in this Island of Mull. It's a noble instrument, the harp, as weel ye ken, and there's a Gaelic saying that when a MacRaing played the harp it was like a white roe upon a green hill or like moonlight on the sea."

"And who was Barabel?" I asked.

"She was a bonnie bit lassie from the other side o' the island. She lived

with her auld mither, who had been nurse to Neil MacLean o' Lochbuie, and Neil and Barabel they grew together, and Barabel was gae an' fond o' Neil, and a sad day it was for her when Neil went over to France to join the King's Scottish Guard. He stayed away five years with never a word to Barabel, and small blame to the lassie if she thought he had forgotten a' about her among the grand leddies that were round the French king in those days. So the upshot was that Barabel fell in with Duncan and liked his harp playin' well enough, and thocht she might do worse than marry the auld man, the mair as he had a bonnie bit farm doon there by the shore o' the loch.

"The days went on, an' Duncan harp it till her an' piped till her an' made sangs till her, and was fain to get the wedding over, and so it came about that the twa made up their minds to cross the hills together to get things settled in the dead o' winter. Ye wouldna' think it in this fine summer weather, but it can be very cauld at the back o' Ben More in a January wind."

I could believe it; even upon that fine day of June an icy breath touched my cheek, and what might have been a snowflake or a ptarmigan's feather drifted overhead, like a hint of winter storm.

"Aye, it blawed an' it snawed," Calum went on, "it snawed and it blawed, and they wrestled against it till the lassie got mortally tired, and would fain have lain down in the driftin' snaw up there on the hill; and Duncan, who knew weel what it meant, wrapt her in his plaid and carried her along, her and his harp together, till he could carry her nae farther, so he laid her under the shelter o' yon rock that I showed you, where she lay a' faint an' perishin' wi' the cauld. He looked about, in a frenzy o' mind, for something with which to make a fire; but there was neither peat nor wood, but only sticks o' auld heather on that wild hillside. He gathered what he could gather and set licht tae it; an' it lowed up an' would ha' burnt itself awa'; but in his desperation the auld man took his harp and broke it into staves and laid it on the fire, and with the burning o' that fine and noble instrument the lassie came tae hersel'."

"Now it happened that a lad was hunting on that hill after the deer, and he saw the flame o' the fire and went across to it, and found them both there; he had a flask with him, and gave Barabel a sup of it, and it set her on her feet, and she turned to the stranger and nane other it was than Neil MacLean o' Lochbuie back frae France."

"Weel, she gie a stert; but Duncan didna see it, because he was lookin' doon at what was left o' his harp black an' sparkin' in the ashes o' the fire. Sae together they helped the lassie along, and she lookin' at Neil, and Neil whispering in her ear and Duncan seeing nothing of it, tired as he was, and grieving for his harp, until at last they came down to the shelter of a place where there was a boat on the shore."

"Then Barabel, she said to auld Rankin, 'It's thirsty I am, Duncan, and glad I would be if you went over there to the well in the wood and fetched me a drink o' water.'

"Duncan went, thinking no harm; but when he came back with the cup o' water, there were Neil and Barabel in the boat a bit out from the shore, setting sail for Loch Buie."

"The poor old man!" I said.

"Duncan MacRaing, he sat down on the shore with his head on his hands, and was found there by his folk some hours thereafter. And all that he said to them was what I said to you—'Smairg a loisgeadh mo thiompan rithe!'—'The fool I was to burn my harp for her!'"



AT NORTH BERWICK

Miss Laura Charteris and Mr. David Lubbock. Miss Charteris is a daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris and a granddaughter of the Earl of Wemyss, and Mr. David Lubbock is the son of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock, who was the widow of the late Sir Charles Tennant



# THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



## AUGUST, 1932

11th to 20th inclusive

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 11th <b>Racing.</b> Kempton Park, Haydock Park and Powers-town.            | <b>Cricket.</b> Essex v. Hampshire, Southend-on-Sea, Derbyshire v. All India, Ilkeston. |
| <b>Olympic Games.</b> Swimming Events, Los Angeles.                        | 18th <b>Racing.</b> Stockton, Bath and Waterford Meetings.                              |
| <b>Cricket.</b> Somerset v. All India, Weston-Super-Mere.                  | <b>Athletics.</b> Grasmere Sports, Grasmere Lake District.                              |
| 12th Grouse Shooting begins.   | <b>Sheep Dog Trials.</b> Rydal Lake District.   |
| <b>Racing.</b> Windsor.  | <b>Swimming.</b> Jersey S.C. 66th Annual Gala (3rd day), Jersey.                        |
| <b>Yachting.</b> Royal Dorset & Town Regattas, Weymouth.                   | <b>Highgate Diving Club International Contest</b> v. France, Jersey.                    |
| <b>Fairs.</b> Mitcham Fair, Mitcham, London.                               | 19th <b>Racing.</b> Hurst Park.   |
| 13th <b>Racing.</b> Windsor, Redcar and Naas Meetings.                     | <b>Yachting.</b> Brixham Regatta, Brixham.  |
| <b>Fairs.</b> Mitcham Fair, Mitcham, London.                               | 20th Black Game Shooting begins.  |
| <b>Yachting.</b> Royal Dorset & Town Regattas, Weymouth.                   | <b>Racing.</b> Hurst Park, Pontefract and Leopardstown Meetings.                        |
| <b>Cricket.</b> Surrey v. All India, Oval.                                 | <b>Motoring.</b> R.A.C. Tourist Trophy, Belfast.  |
| 15th <b>Racing.</b> Redcar, Wolverhampton and Waterford Meetings.          | <b>Yachting.</b> Prince of Wales Cup (Dinghies), Torquay.                               |
| <b>Cricket.</b> Royal Navy v. Royal Air Force. Surrey v. All India, Oval.  | <b>Felixstowe Regatta and Carnival.</b> Felixstowe.                                     |
| 16th <b>Racing.</b> Stockton, Wolverhampton and Waterford Meetings.        | <b>Athletics.</b> Highland Games, Crieff, Scotland.                                     |
| <b>Motor Racing.</b> La Baule Grand Prix.                                  | <b>Fairs.</b> Marymass Fair, Irvine, Scotland.  |
| 17th <b>Racing.</b> Stockton, Bath and Waterford Meetings.                 | <b>Cricket.</b> Leicestershire v. All India, Leicester.                                 |
| <b>Shows.</b> Flower Show, Shrewsbury National Gladioli Society, Southsea. |   |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.



# PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON



Smith's Studios

SIR JULIEN CAHN'S XI v. THE ROMANY C.C.: THE JOINT TEAMS

A group taken at the recent match played at Stanford Hall, Loughborough

The names, left to right, are: Top row—J. K. Quill, P. H. Whitcombe, H. R. Munt, S. D. Rhodes, E. P. Solbe, G. Cornu. Centre row—B. Harding (umpire), T. H. Rowney, T. B. Reddick, A. W. G. Hadingham, C. R. Maxwell, G. F. Heane, Lady Cahn, F. J. Seabrook, G. F. Summers, R. Page, W. F. Gould, John Gunn (umpire, the famous old cricketer). Bottom row—A. L. Gracie (the famous Rugger International), F. C. W. Newman, G. V. Pearse, E. W. Swanton, Sir Julien Cahn, Major L. Broke Willoughby, D. P. B. Morkel, J. S. Williams

## Avoidupoids.

I DON'T know whether you have noticed it, but very few car catalogues these days have anything definite to say about the weights of the complete vehicles with which they deal. And that is rather a curious thing because this is, or should be, a factor of great interest to the owner. For upon it chiefly depends his running costs. Apart from a few exceptions these are strictly proportional to weight, but the exceptions in the way of h.p., first cost, etc., in their effect upon upkeep expenses don't amount to very much. I am inclined to suspect that makers don't catalogue their weights, either because they are a little ashamed of them, or else just because they have never seriously bothered about them, which, in neither case, is as it should be. If the public, however, took more interest in this matter, designers would have far more encouragement to go in for that scientific weight reduction that would lead to all-round better performance. Just as a matter of interest I sometimes put a car on a weighbridge, and it invariably comes out very much heavier than it is supposed to be, in some instances by as much as four or five hundredweight. This is about equivalent to the normal passenger load. No wonder we are a shade disappointed with acceleration, hill-climbing, and petrol consumption. A few years ago I had a bus that was a perfect drunkard of fuel. It was supposed to do over 20 m.p.g., but I could never get more than 17. So I bitterly complained that there was something wrong. There was. With four up the outfit tipped the beam at only a trifle under two tons, whereas I had blissfully imagined it to be (according to maker's figures) only 33 cwt. or so. Also I have found cars that ought to have been taxed as lorries, for they exceeded the legal weight limit. That excellent journal, "The Motor Cycle" (I am shamefully afraid to ride a single-tracker, though I still love it in principle), has recently shown that by the use of modern aluminium alloys nearly 25 per cent. of its total ponderosity could be lopped off the most up-to-date of machines, to say nothing of providing a higher degree of strength. One wonders what the result would be if the same principle were applied to the average car. Something a good deal better, I will gamble. And that, my masters, would mean much better and much cheaper motoring. We carry about with us far too many lumps of steel and cast iron. What a difference there would be if cars, like raspberries, were sold at so much a pound!

## Doubtful Proposition.

SOME there are who say that the Yanks lead us in car design, and quote their use of free-wheelery as a case in point. They have had it for over three years, and now we have, at last, one free-wheel car. Thanks to one thing and another we don't see much of American cars these days, so most of us don't realize that there is quite a craze on the other side just now for "Doughnut" tyres—the sort that are so big that they go on to a wheel only a few inches in diameter and are so soft that a johnny with really strong lungs could almost blow them up by mouth. That they are extraordinarily comfortable—it is said that when you go over a kerb you have the impression of having struck a minor pot-hole—and that they are fairly proof against skidding, there is no doubt. But they have some bad points, too, which are so substantial that I question very much whether they are going to catch on in these islands. First of all, they slow the car considerably. Then they materially reduce its steering-lock. By the same token they reduce the possible width of the body-work. They make steering very heavy at low speeds, particularly in manœuvring. Semi-finally, when they do get punctured (though, granted, this is a very unlikely event) they involve the dooce-and-all of a jacking-up proposition, and goodness knows this is bad enough already, particularly with bodies suffering from "duck disease," i.e., having their tails close to the ground. Finally, the fact that the wheel is so small means that the brake-drums have got to be proportionately small, too, so that—other things being equal—pulling-up power is decreased. Now, all these detriments are recognized in the U.S.A.; which tempts me to think that the "Doughnut" is only a passing fad. It is natural that any novelty will be exploited by an industry that is down by about 50 per cent. in its production. Nice to know, is it not, that our motor trade has dropped by only about 4 per cent.—less by a big margin than that of any other country. Of course I'm not saying that we shall not ultimately have the "Doughnut." But, I think, not yet awhile.

## The Track.

HAVING been a regular *habitué* of Brooklands ever since its very first meeting I still find it entertaining, and there is no doubt that Mr. A. Percy Bradley has done much to improve its conditions since he assumed the onerous job of Clerk of the Course. Bank Holiday meeting, in spite of the patchy weather,

(Continued on p. viii)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday



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OF making of golf societies there is no end, but luckily there is always somebody who does not

find them a weariness to the flesh but rather an extremely pleasant form of the game. Not everybody is good enough for their county side, and it may so happen that their own club mates are not just the most congenial folk in the world to spend a day out with, or that even if they are, the ordinary club match lacks spice. In an association or society, brought together because everybody in it has something more or less in common with each other, golf is like the famous petrol, "plus a little something the others haven't got."

Accordingly it is pretty certain that the idea of a golfing society for old members of Cheltenham College will have a welcome. A few old Cheltonians were collected the other day by Miss Jones, who is the hon. sec. this year of Royal Lytham and St. Annes' ladies, and took on that club, Hesketh, and Formby. Fired with the delights of their brief tour, the idea of forming into a real society is now in the air, and anybody interested should write forthwith to Miss Jones so that she can set the machinery going.

Of course, neither girls' schools nor women's colleges have exactly fostered golf in the past except, of course, St. Leonards, who might have found themselves virtually excommunicate by the permanent inhabitants of St. Andrews if golf had not come into their curriculum. But golfers must have been at school somewhere, or at least the majority of them, and there are all sorts of possibilities, culminating, who knows? in a feminine equivalent of the Halford Hewitt Tournament.

\* \* \*

How long residence would be needed to qualify to represent your school? Girls, more than boys, seem to have a regrettable habit of a term or two at a school and then a remove elsewhere. Far-seeing parents of the golfing persuasion might be found in the future sending Pam or Priscilla, Dina or Deborah to Cheltenham or Wycombe, Heathfield or St. James, Roodean or St. Leonards for a short time just in order to qualify for the Old Cheltonian G.S. or its rivals. Of course, the school authorities could object, and getting into a first-class school is no easy matter; whereupon would arise the question: Would the waiting list entitle you to membership, just as at Northern Foursomes it entitles you to play in the National Playing Fields Competition? More complications, more questions for golfing editors and overworked committees. Well, well, we have not got there yet, and in the meantime, good wishes to the Old Cheltonians if they can form themselves into a society. There would be plenty of clubs, no doubt, yapping to play them, even if they must wait to try conclusions with the rivals they were wont to meet—and beat—at other games in their college days.

\* \* \*

An event which put in a triumphant appearance for the first time last spring, and is to be repeated on April 24, 1933, is the Mothers' and Daughters' Medal Foursomes at Ranelagh, promoted by the Veterans' Association. It is sad that the date is again the day before the Northern Foursomes, but

## EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME



Miss Gill Rudgard, Yorkshire County and International, who has made several gallant attempts to win the German championship. She again reached the final this year

Easter, the International meeting at Ranelagh, and most of all, the date of the Veterans' Championship, fix the date. Northern

Foursomes for once may have hope of some weather a little less Arctic than of yore. Over Northern Foursomes "Britannia and Eve" never could get the right side of the clerk of the weather; it is understood in meteorological circles that "The Bystander" hopes to take special steps in the matter, and the fixing of a date three weeks later than usual would certainly appear to be a step in the right direction. Of course, we know the Derby has been run in a snowstorm, but

Nobody can think of Northern Foursomes without remembering how well Miss Rudgard from York played for her three wins of them, so it is all the sadder to have to put her down once more as runner-up only in the German Open Championship. That was played at Frankfurt-on-Main; Miss Rudgard was the only player from this country who went over, though Mrs. Richardson of Royal Knocke-sur-Mer was there to bear her company in the invasion. There were ten other entrants; three of them from Frankfurt itself, and it was one of these, Frau Nora Haag, who defeated Miss Rudgard 5 and 3 in the 36-hole final. Frankfurt must be a fine course. It has a scratch score of 78, and there is no getting round there in anything like that figure unless you can place your shots, and go on placing, since the holes are flanked by trees, and a loose effort is sure to bring punishment. The greens, too, are excellent. Miss Rudgard was loud in praise of the course, but it seems as if something inevitably goes wrong when she comes to fight a final on her own.

Well, well. Frau Haag must be warmly congratulated on keeping the Damen Meisterschaft von Deutschland in her own country. If Miss Rudgard had not gone to Frankfurt it is on the cards that she might by now have been Northern champion. But, after all, winning championships is not the only thing in life.

\* \* \*

Talk of foreign travel reminds one that for the first time the Girls' Championship has been entered for by an American golfer, Miss Grace Amory of Deepdale, U.S.A., having sent in her name. Now then, Britishers, get busy, for Miss Amory is eighteen, and unlikely to be an easy proposition!

### DATES TO REMEMBER

September 14-16—Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges.

September 22-23—County Finals at Royal Ashdown Forest.

September 26, etc. — English Championship at Royal Ashdown Forest.

September 28—Finals of Gloucestershire Foursomes at Brockworth Park.

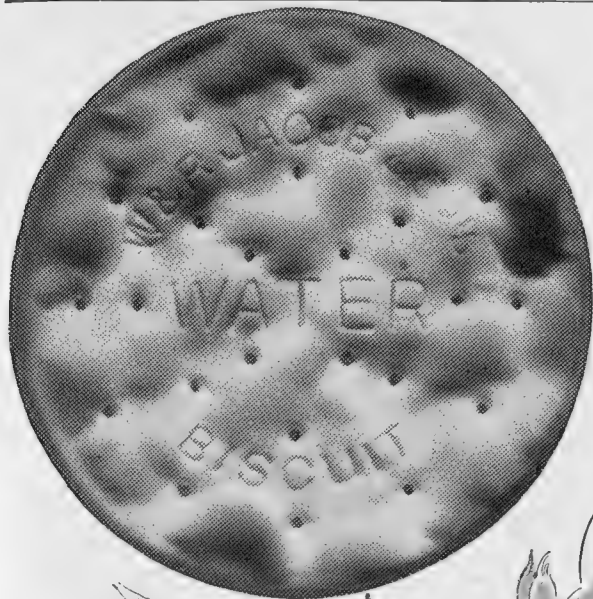
October 4-7 — "Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

October 10-13 — Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes.

October 18 — Surrey County Open Autumn Meeting and Coronation Medal at Addington Palace (Silver Division).

October 19-21—South-Western Championship at Long Ashton.





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N.C.C.I.O.S. 44





## A STUDY IN FORESTER GREEN AND BROWN

LONDON is said to be empty, although could a census be taken it is safe to predict that several millions are still here, the great majority of whom are intent on replenishing their wardrobes for the autumn. The tailored suits illustrated on this page have gone into residence in the coat and skirt department of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W. The model on the left is carried out in a new wool material of a forester's green shade; it will be seen that the coat is generously trimmed with sable-dyed musquash, and the cost is 12½ guineas; the scheme is completed with a velvet hat. This is also the price of the suit on the right below; it is made of Saxony, which is a member of the Glencross family; the colour scheme of the checked skirt is brown and white, while the coat is brown. It is impossible to describe the fabricating medium of the model on the left of the group, therefore Marshall and Snelgrove would be pleased to send a pattern of it on application. It suggests a tweed, the selvedge, which is relieved with a miniature "curl," being used for the revers, and of this model one may become the possessor for 9½ guineas. By the way, there are signs on the horizon that feather accessories will return to favour during the ensuing weeks; naturally they will be seen in the evening; this firm is making a feature of some attractive affairs from 27s. 6d.; there are double black and white stoles as well as tippets, collarettes and yokes

# The highway of fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

A WRINKLE for women who are enamoured with parchment, tinted lace dresses is that they must wear jade jewellery, especially if their hair is grey or white; it is wonderful the difference it makes. A spray of green velvet foliage interspersed with pastel-tinted flowers will aid in the good work. Buttons as well as pockets are being used for decorative purposes; the latter are more often than not provided with envelope flaps centered with jewelled buttons. A new fabric is angel skin satin; the texture suggests the petal of a rose and is frequently hand painted



PICTURES BY BLAKE





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Jenners new lightweight hat for the traveller and the sportswoman. Fur felt of superb quality which cannot be spoiled by folding. Finished all-over stitching and petersham ribbon band and bow. Delightful colours: Ruby, acorn, bottle, almond, leather, beech, old blue, cornflower, harris blue, grey, sandstone, rust, cedar, lido and black.

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A hat that's absolutely right, especially in price: the new 20202. PRICE

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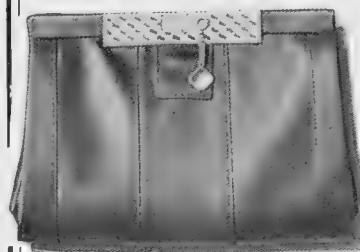
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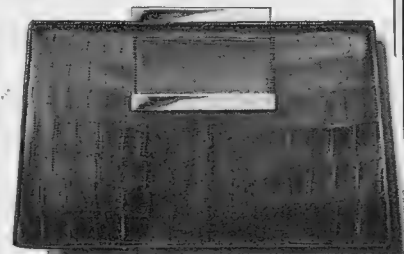


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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION —continued



Concentration, distinction, and suitability are three words that Margaret Barry, 64, New Bond Street, W., never eliminates from her vocabulary. She concentrates on fashions for the race meetings and country clothes in general, and as she is a keen golfer does know what a wopian needs when on the links. She declares that above everything clothes must be suitable for the occasions on which they are worn, and be endowed with an air of distinction. She makes a feature of what she whimsically describes as the "odd" skirt; she has designed it for wearing with her blouses which are ultra smart; nevertheless they represent the acme of simplicity. Quite her newest creation in this respect is seen on the right of this page; she is making it in one of those materials that are nameless, as she has a rooted objection to fancy names that really mean nothing. The home of these accessories is 42, South Molton Street, while her hats may be seen at 18, Brook Street. Her "bérêts with a difference" are expressed in unusual materials, and although they are souples they have a tailored aspect. Now a few words about colours. Although marine-blue will be worn, Miss Barry personally infinitely prefers the whole gamut of autumn brown shades. She has likewise a weakness for true tête de nègre, and in conjunction with suits of this colour she likes blouses of pale coral shade, but she insists that they must be cut on the simplest of lines. Then her scarves are ever so attractive, but of course they must be worn in the correct way



The result of Margaret Barry's concentration for the York races and Doncaster is the ensemble in the centre of this page. Here again is a material that I must frankly confess baffles me as regards its name; it has the appearance of tweed but the weave is of a totally different genre. Note the double-breasted short coat with envelope pockets and the panel of pleats in front of the skirt. The long coat has an adjustable collar and revers, narrow belt and gauntlet cuffs. Naturally this ensemble may be varied to suit the needs of the prospective wearer. There are other materials in which it would look equally well. By the way some of the newest coats for the autumn are lined with fur, and others have superb fox collars. Another fur that is not so costly is a cross between opossum and fisher; it is really lovely and wears remarkably well, although light in weight. Persian lamb is another fur in which Miss Margaret Barry has faith

Ella  
Fulton





# MISS FRANCES DOBLE

playing a leading part in "While Parents Sleep" at the Royalty Theatre, London, writes:

"I AM afraid I am rather unlike most actresses, in that I am very seldom, if ever, to be seen on the golf links or the tennis court—or anywhere, in fact, that brings the complete change of surroundings so necessary for the resting of the theatrical mind. This is due to some extent to the fact that sports and pastimes do not particularly commend themselves to me, but chiefly it is due to the great shortage of spare time that there has been in my life during the last few years. Repertory, repertory, and again repertory and then a strenuous tour or two—these have been my pleasant but rather arduous lot—and these have meant a great strain on my nerves. Phosferine has been, in these few years, a great friend to me; indeed, I have always been able to do my work, I am glad to say, without any undue discomfort, with hardly a day 'off parade'—and to Phosferine I feel I owe my especial thanks."

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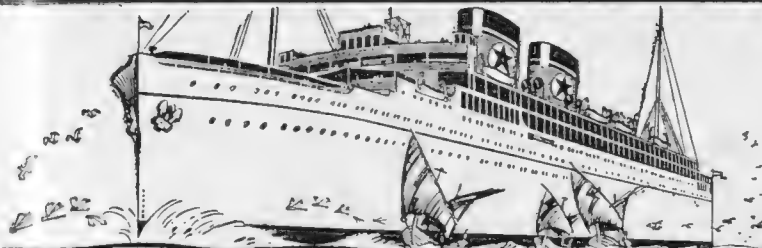
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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Vanash  
LIEUTENANT AND MRS. J. R.  
WESTMACOTT

Who were married, on July 27, at the Brompton Oratory, Lieutenant J. R. Westmacott, R.N., of Royal Hospital, Chelsea, is the son of Mr. A. Westmacott, and his bride was formerly Miss Ruth Phazayn, the daughter of Mr. Godfrey Phazayn of Hawkes Bay, N.Z.

## Next Month.

On September 1, Mr. Charles Riddell Williams and Miss Joan Keeble are being married quietly at Kenilworth, Warwickshire; the 6th is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. Anthony North Hickley and Miss Doreen Pollard, which is to take place very quietly at Christ Church, Down Street.

## In October.

Mr. Andrew Christopher Dawson, the second son of the late Lieut.-Colonel E. A. F. Dawson, the Rifle Brigade, of Launde Abbey, Leicestershire, and Mrs. Dawson of Wymondham, Leicestershire, and Miss Joy Kenyon, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Myles N. Kenyon of Fossey House, Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, and Bury, Lancashire, are being married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, on October 27.

## Recently Engaged.

Mr. James William Henry Nash, the elder son of the late Mr. W. J. Nash and Mrs. Nash of The Limes, Chesham, Bucks, and Miss Gladys Eileen Dillon-Bell, the daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. W. H. Dillon-Bell and granddaughter of the Right Hon. Sir Francis Dillon-Bell, P.C., G.C.M.G., Wellington, New Zealand; Lieutenant Eric Dangar Michell, Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Dauntless*, the elder son of Mr. R. C. Michell, H.B.M. Minister at Uruguay, and the late Mrs. Michell, and Miss Eileen Mary Steel, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. de Crecy Steel

of Drynham, Weybridge, and late of Bahia, Brazil; Mr. Claude Christopher John Simmonds, the younger son of Mr. H. J. Simmonds, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Simmonds of Graythwaite, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and Miss Nancy Trusted, the eldest daughter of Mr. H. H. Trusted, K.C., Attorney-General of Palestine, and Mrs. Trusted of Killaloe, Hook Heath, Woking; Mr. Clarence William Percy Ibotson, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ibotson, of Elgin House, Colnbrook, Bucks, and Miss Kate Frances Vincent, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Clarke Vincent of Little Hill, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, Surrey.



Hay Wrightson  
MISS MARGARET MAWBY AND MR. ERIC WILLIAMSON

Whose engagement was announced last month. Miss Mawby is the eldest daughter of Mr. T. O. Mawby and the late Mrs. Gertrude Mawby of Spalding Marsh, Lincolnshire, and her fiancé is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Williamson of Norwich. The wedding is to take place during September in the village church at Weston, near Spalding.

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued from p. 250)

At the recent annual meeting of the Leamington and Warwickshire Branch of the R.S.P.C.A., which was held at Ashorne Hill by the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. George Bryant, Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke made an urgent appeal for support for the good work which she is doing in Egypt for the old army horses left behind when our troops came home in 1918-19. Exactly how many of these poor old things were left behind to fall into the hands of native owners and be condemned to a living death it has not been possible to discover; but I note from Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's speech at the Warwickshire meeting that from 1930, when she began her fine work, 600 were purchased during the first few months, and that the total to date is 1,200. Mrs. Brooke said that the work had cost about £1,500 a month, the average price paid per horse being £7. Some cases were atrocious, and the horses had to be killed immediately. In many cases the horses were taken to stables so that they could taste a few days' peace and rest before the end.

How terrible is the condition of all these horses the photographs amply display, and the worst of it all is, according to my view, that no one seems to know how many more are left alive. All the horses collected, and mercifully put down so far have been over twenty-two years old. Hundreds must have died from starvation and disease between 1918 and to-day. Mrs. Brooke said further in her speech, and everyone will agree with her, that we had no right to sell, in this way, horses who had helped us in the War, and it was terrible that they should be left in purgatory. Their plight was a disgrace to England, and the only merciful thing was to rescue them. If the present progress was maintained she hoped that the last of the horses would be released from suffering within a year.



## SWINGING EASY

Sir Harry Brittain, who is reputed to be one of the best shots in England, in a weather-proof shooting and fishing coat of his own design, which is calculated to give the utmost freedom of movement and immunity against any weather conditions. This coat, which is the result of many experiments, is known as the "Swingeasy," and is made by John Barker and Co. of Kensington, at an economical price suitable to the times. It has been tested in lashing gales and pouring rain

It is a good work, and I feel myself that, magnificent as has been the support given to Mrs. Brooke, she will not be compelled to stop for want of funds. So far as contributions sent in to this paper are concerned, Warwickshire, including its R.S.P.C.A. branch, has done splendidly, and Mrs. George Bryant and Mrs. Wilfrid Holden, to mention only two prominent people in the county, have worked unceasingly—and most successfully. Captain J. A. E. Durham, the hon. sec. of the Leamington and Warwickshire Branch of the R.S.P.C.A., had some very pungent things to say about the Government policy in leaving these army horses to their fate in Egypt, and he told the meeting that an effort to get Government support for the re-purchase fund had not been successful. The crime of it is that such a fund should be necessary. Any horses our troops could not bring back with them should have been put down then and there. Many Yeomanry regiments I know did put their horses down, regulations or no regulations.

In case the note about the Hog-Hunters' Dinner which was due to be held again this year was missed by people interested, it will be necessary to keep on repeating the announcement at short intervals. It was considered by the majority of the 1929 committee that it would be unwise to attempt to hold the dinner this year but to wait till things have settled down a bit. It would be a pity after the success we had at that first dinner for it to go off at half cock. Since 1929 we have to mourn the death of two good sportsmen who were on the committee, General the Right Hon. Sir Bryan Mahon and Lieut.-General Sir Percival Hambro, whilst many others who were on the committee have got a bit scattered. Lieut.-General Wardrop, for instance, is on a Staff job in India, and Captain Scott-Cockburn, 4th Hussars, a triple winner of the Kadir Cup, is also absent in India. It will be a pity to let this dinner drop entirely, and next year let us hope it will be possible.

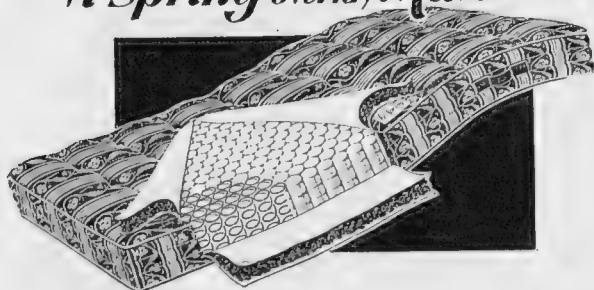


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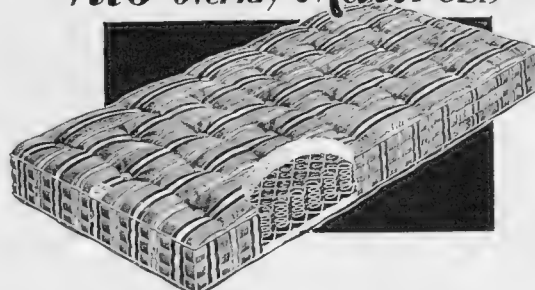
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## The 'Vi-Spring' overlay Mattress



'Vi-Spring' products are sold and recommended by all reliable house furnishers because they are made by manufacturers with a reputation of 30 years' standing as makers of the most luxurious and highest class mattresses in the World.

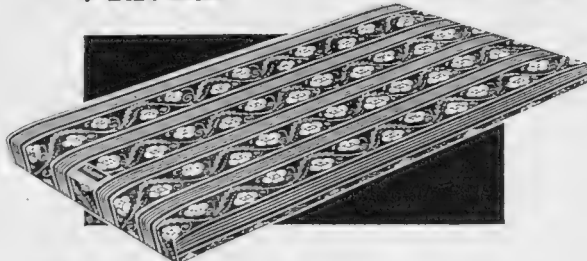
## The 'Vito' overlay Mattress



In these days when speed in manufacture has become a fetish, it is rare to find a thing built to such a singularly fine standard as the 'Vi-Spring' Overlay Mattress. Because it is made to give the very highest degree of bed comfort the 'Vi-Spring' is manufactured by hand throughout. Craftsmen whose pride is in the deftness of their painstaking handwork build into every 'Vi-Spring' a wonderful, soft resiliency that can never be obtained in the mass-produced, machine-made mattress. For over 30 years the 'Vi-Spring' has been acknowledged as the most comfortable overlay mattress made. Fine quality materials and precision of manufacture give it a sturdiness which makes its service as gratifying as its comfort. The use of the 'Vi-Spring' in conjunction with the 'Vibase' Mattress Support makes the World's greatest combination for perfect sleep.

The 'Vito' is a spring-interior overlay mattress designed to meet the demand for a really comfortable mattress, thoroughly reliable in service, yet extremely moderate in price. Its spring centre, placed between two generous layers of soft upholstery, is an assemblage of hundreds of small springs (not in pockets) made from specially drawn and tempered British steel wire. The unique shape and assemblage of these springs prevents their ever becoming displaced and ensures for the 'Vito' a strength and resiliency that makes it pre-eminent for lasting comfort and real hard service. The 'Vito' mattress, though low in price, is too good a product to be the lowest. Judged by the years of service it will give, the 'Vito' is unquestionably the cheapest spring-interior mattress ever made. Ask your house furnisher to show you the 'Vito-Vibase' combination.

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## Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

There were well-attended meetings on July 22 of the executive and the show committee presided over by Lady Howe, also of the finance committee presided over by Lady Faudel-Phillips; much business in connection with the

Members' and the Open Shows was done.



MRS. ADLAM AND THREE CHAMPION BULL TERRIERS

The Members' Show is now definitely fixed for November 29, and the venue is the New Horticultural Hall, Vincent Square. This is one of the most suitable places in the world for an autumn show, as it is thoroughly well warmed and lighted, and easily accessible from everywhere. Members are particularly asked to support their Members' Show this year. In these difficult times associations do require the loyal support and help of their members

to enable them to carry on, and it is hoped all members will do their utmost to help their association by supporting the Members' Show.

The borzoi is the wolfhound of Russia, where he was used to hunt the wolf. There were many kennels of these dogs; one of the most famous was that of the Grand Duke Nicholas. Since the revolution these kennels have been dispersed and the fate of the borzoi in Russia is unknown. Fortunately he had already got a firm footing in this country, where his striking appearance and great beauty made him a favourite. Mrs. Wilde-Rice is a comparatively new

comer to the borzoi fancy, but she is deeply interested in the breed and owns a very fine team. She sends a picture of herself and two of her dogs, Eros of Pynot and Book Law, both big winners. Mrs. Wilde-Rice owns several other good specimens and has some young stock coming on who are likely to be heard of. She is a great acquisition to the breed, as she has energy and enthusiasm.

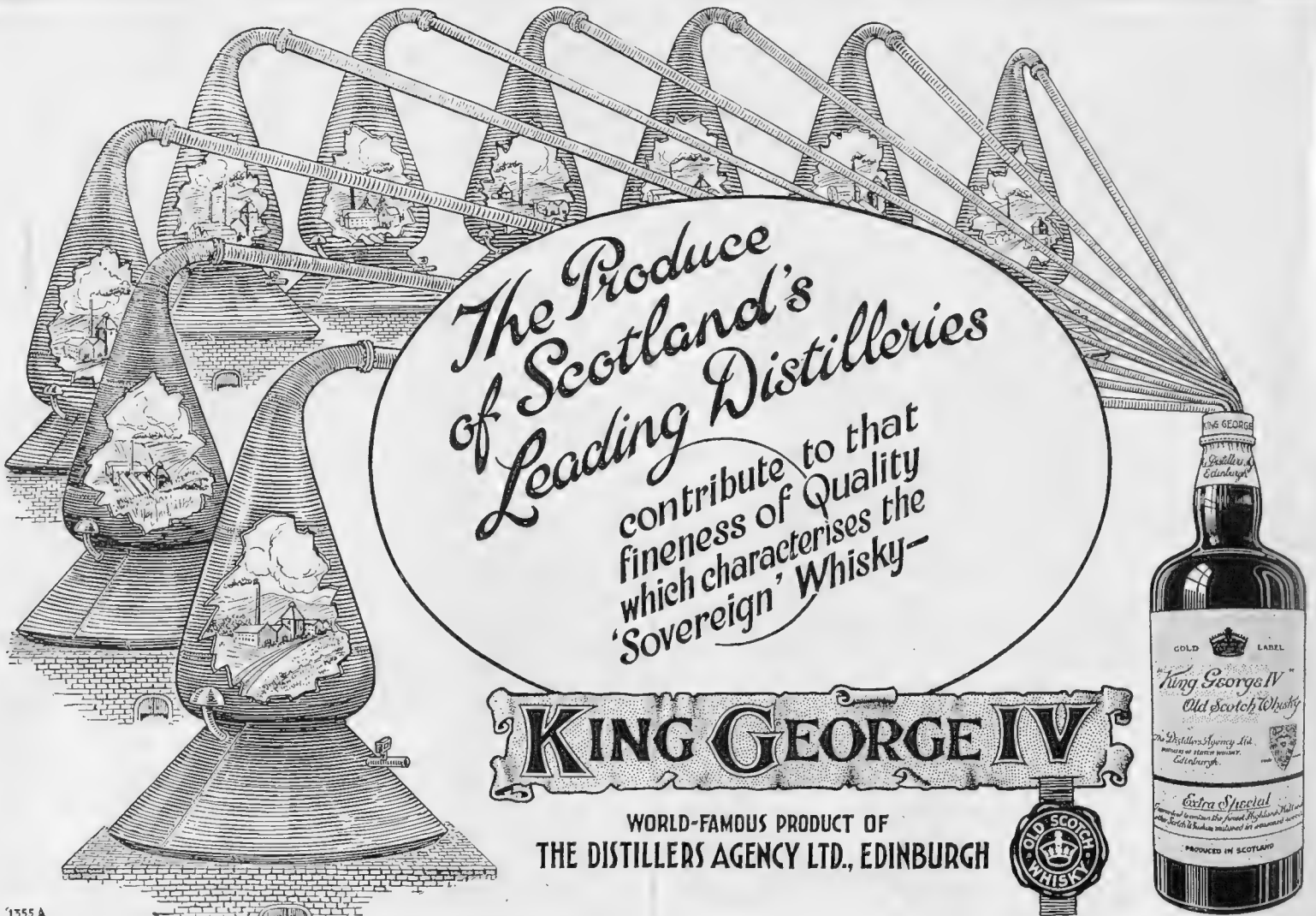
The bull terrier is a dog of great character and determination; he is a devoted companion and a resolute guard. He also does very well in tropical climates, as his short coat does not collect dust and vermin, and he bears heat well. He is descended from the fighting bulldog—rather a different type to the modern bulldog—and the terrier, but he has been much smartened up, and the bull

terrier of to-day is a beautiful, symmetrical animal. Mrs. Adam's bull terriers are well known to us all for their beauty. She sends an excellent picture of herself and three of her champions—Rhoma, Brenda Barbed Wire, and Brenda Beryl. Champion Rhoma is a winner of eight certificates, and Champions Brenda Barbed Wire and Brenda Beryl are her daughters. The sire is Mrs. Adam's dog, The Sheik of Charlton. The photograph shows what a lovely type they are.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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A week afterwards I had put the clock back 20 years.

I am so enthusiastic over it that I have decided to give the opportunity of seeing the result of this marvellous process on my own face at the Hystogen Consulting Rooms, 40 Baker Street, London, W. 1—an entirely free interview by special appointment. If unable to call, write for literature.

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**Petrol Vapour**—continued from p. 256

was a feast of richness. The duel between John Cobb and Sir Henry Birkin was one of the best races ever presented, and worth going a long way to see. We could do with a good deal more of this kind of thing, for it is much more easily followed than the ordinary race. Then the event for Old Crocks, of 1914 vintage or previous, was a perfect scream, and as good motoring fun as can be imagined. Next time it would not be a bad idea to have the ancients (I refer to the vehicles and not to their drivers) on exhibition in the paddock, where their examination would usefully fill up the gaps. But, perhaps, there is the danger of some of these sprightly things being "tampered with." To my humble mind the dearest items on the programme—and they ought to be the liveliest—are the "mountain" races. You see, of course, lots of clever driving, and a bit of the other thing, too, but it is next door to impossible for the ordinary spectator to keep tally of what is going on, and it is a hundred to one he does not know the winner until the result is announced on the loud-speaker—presuming that Mr. Hess's voice can be heard, which is not always. The problem is, how to identify the leader in every lap, or rather, how to make him recognizable. How would it be, I wonder, if every time a leader went over the line a gun were touched off by the astute "Ebby"? This would at least give information to the people in the paddock grandstand and on the members' hill, and would thus add much to their excitement. I daresay such a scheme is hopelessly impracticable. It should not be beyond the wit of man to devise something that would quite effectually do the trick. And, provided it were forthcoming, it might with benefit be used in the normal kind of race, for unless you make a pilgrimage over to the railway, it is hard to see what the finish is.



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**MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS**

Motorists know well what they owe to the science of pneumatics. It is their greatest boon, and has earned their deepest respect. When the first pneumatic tyre appeared, most people criticized it wildly and refused to believe that it would stand the strain of a motor-car, and cars were lighter and slower then. If we compare a present-day tyre with the first pneumatic tyre, we see how the value of pneumatics has been developed and improved. Without pneumatic tyres, modern high-speed cars would of course be impossible. The first conception of pneumatic upholstery must have seemed almost as fantastic as the first pneumatic tyre. But what air does for tyres it can more easily do for upholstery, for a cushion has not to contend with strains or rough usage. So to-day, after fruitful experience and experiment, pneumatic upholstery has been brought to the same stage of perfection as has been reached by the modern tyre. History has repeated itself in fact, and pneumatics have provided the motorist with a further means of comfort and protection.

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A recent picture of the great Russian singer, one of the voices of an epoch. Chaliapine and his wife are at present taking the cure at Vichy

months. Those men are Charles Derickson, the tenor who comes of British stock, and Burton Brown, the brilliant pianist of most engaging manner. Here they have won fame as broadcasters, on the variety stage and on the concert platform, while their songs have been heard by millions through the medium of "His Master's Voice" records. Their latest achievement for the gramophone is included in the August supplement, and a pair of charming ditties will bring them an extended circle of admirers. The numbers are "Lullaby of the Leaves" and "Shadows on the Window," splendid examples of how these artists embellish ballads of the day. Some other good records issued by "H.M.V." lately include: "Antonio" and "Can't We Talk it Over," by that great favourite, Gracie Fields; *Casanova* Selection, played by the New May-

## Notes From Here and There

Less than four years ago, two very young men from New York City were given a two weeks' engagement at the London Palladium, and came specially across the Atlantic to try their fortune. Before their first public appearance here they gave a private audition and created so good an impression that they were at once offered a contract for six

fair Orchestra; "You Gotter Be" and "Negro Nothings," by Alexander and Mose; "Rain on the Roof" and "Somebody Loves You," by Ambrose and his Orchestra; vocal gems from *The Cat and the Fiddle*, including all the popular numbers from that play, given by the Light Opera Company; medley of numbers from *One Hour With You*, played by the New Mayfair Orchestra; "Dinah" and "Sam Delilah," played by Duke Ellington and his Cotton Club Orchestra; "Songs Everybody is Singing," including all the recent song-hits, played by the New Mayfair Orchestra; a record by Raie da Costa playing "Sing, Brothers," from *Tell Her the Truth*, with "Auf Wiedersehen" on the reverse side.

We much regret that in our issue of the 27th ult. we described a lady in a photograph as Madame Chanel. The lady should have been described as Madame Channele, and we wish to apologize for any annoyance the mistake may have caused.



LA NUIT MAROCAINE AT MONTE

A night "shot" of the wonderful gala arranged by La Société des Bains de Mer at Monte Carlo and a part of the vast audience on the Terrasses du Palais de la Mer are seen in this picture

## THE SECRET OF A RADIANT COMPLEXION



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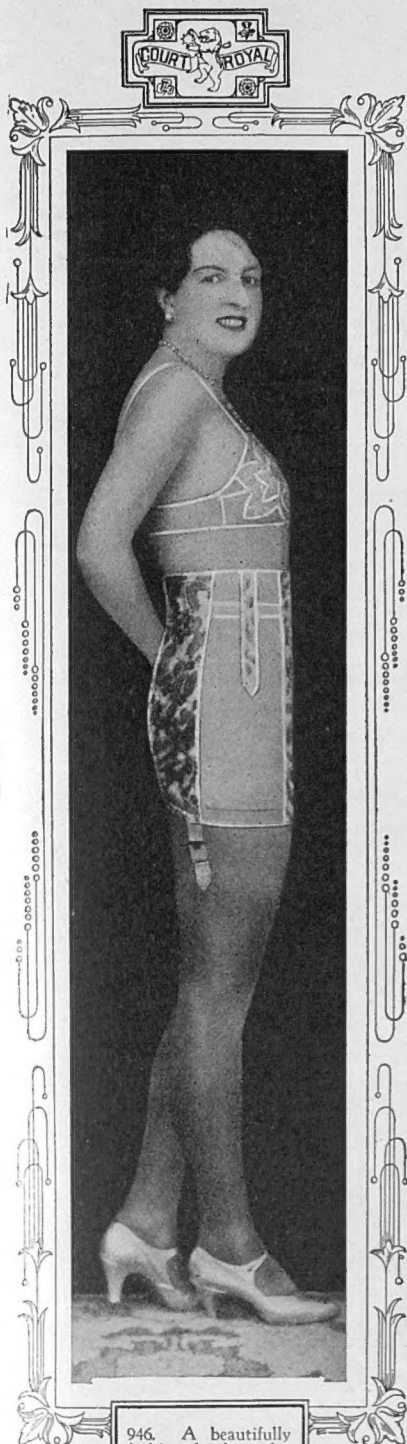
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